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No. 329.

TO ONE IN HEAVEN.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Ah, once I knew a maiden!
With hair like rarest gold,
And eyes like meadow-pansies,
When first their leaves unfold:
And cheeks like roses growing
Beside the hedge-row ways,
When all the world was happy
In sweet, sweet summer days.

I loved her, but the angels
Had love surpassing mine:
For they wood her, and they won her,
And at the day's decline
She crossed the hills of sunset
To join them, far away,
And took the sunshine with her
From out the summer-day.

Oh, darling, over yonder
What can your blue eyes see?
The mystery of Heaven?
The life for us to be?
With rest as sweet as dreams are
About you evermore,
I know you must remember
The love that earth-life bore.

LA MASQUE,

The Vailed Sorceress

THE MIDNIGHT QUEEN.

A TALE OF ILLUSION, DELUSION AND MYSTERY. BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING,

AUTHOR OF "THE DARK SECRET," "THE TWIN SISTERS," "AN AWFUL MYSTERY,"
"ERMINIE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

"Love is like a dizziness," says the old song.

"Love is something else—ti is the most selfish feeling in existence. Of course, I don't allude to the fraternal or the friendly, or any other such nonsensical, old-fashioned trash that artless people still believe in, but to the real genuine article that Adam felt for Eve when he first saw her, and which all who read this—above the innocent and unsusceptible age of twelve—have experienced. And the fancy and the reality are so much alike, that they amount to about the same thing. The former, perhaps, may be a little short-lived; but it is just as disagreeable a sensation while it lasts as its more enduring sister. Love is said to be blind, and it also has a very injurious effect on the eyesight of its victims—an effect that neither spectacles nor oculists can aid in the slightest degree, making them see, whether sleeping or waking, but one object, and that alone.

I don't know whether these were Mr Malcolm Ormiston's thoughts, as he leaned against the doorway, and folded his arms across his chest, to await the shining of his day-star. In fact, I am pretty sure they were not: young gentlemen, as a general thing, not being any more given to profound moralizing in the reign of His Most Gracious LA MASQUE.

Ormiston's thoughts, as he leaned against the doorway, and folded his arms across his chest, to await the shining of his day-star. In fact, I am pretty sure they were not: young gentlemen, as a general thing, not being any more given to profound moralizing in the reign of His Most Gracious Majesty, Charles II., than they are at the present day; but I do know, that no sooner was his bosomfriend and crony, Sir Norman Kingsley, out of sight, than he forget him as teetotally as if he had never known that distinguished individual. His many and deep afflictions, his love, his anguish, and his provocations; his beautiful, tantalizing, and mysterious lady-love; his errand and its probable consequences; all were forgotten; and Ormiston thought of nothing or nobody in the world but himself and La Masque. La Masque! La Masque! that was the theme on which his thoughts rang, with wild variations of alternate hope and fear, like every other lover since the world began, and love was first an institution. "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be," truly, truly, it is an odd and wonderful thing. And you and I may thank our stars, dear readers, that we are a great deal too sensible to wear our hearts on our sleeves for such a blood thirsty daw to peck at. Ormiston's flame was longer-lived than Sir Norman's; he had been in love a whole month, and had it badly, and was now at the very crisis of a malady. Why did she conceal her face—would she ever disclose it—would she listen to him—would she ever love him? feverishly asked Passion; and Common Sense (or what little of that useful commodity he had left) answered—probably because she was eccentric—possibly she would disclose it for the same reason; that he had only to try and make her listen; and as to her loving him, why, Common Sense owned he had her there. I can't say whether the adage. Faint hear never won fair lady!" was extant in his time; but the spirit of it certainly was, and Ormiston determined to prove it. He wanted to see La Masque, and try his fate once ag cal beloved through the streets of Lundon—dismal and dark now as the streets of Lundon—dismal and dark now as the streets of Lundon—dismal and dark now as the streets of Lundon—dismal and his Spanish leathern boots the trial of a one-handed game of "hide-and-go-seek." Wisdom, like Virtue, is its own reward; and scarcely had he come to this laudable conclusion, when, by the feeble glimmer of the house-lamps, he saw a figure that made his heart bound flitting through the night gloom toward him. He would have known that figure on the sands of Sahara, in an Indian jungle, or an American forest—a tall, slight, supple figure, bending and springing like a bow of steel, queenly and regal as that of a young empress. It was draped in a long cloak reaching to the ground, in color as black as the night, and clasped by a jewel whose glittering flash he saw even there; a velvet hood of the same color covered the stately head; and the mask—the tiresome, inevitable mask covered the beautiful—he was positive it was beautiful—face. He had seen her a score of times in that very dress, flitting like a dark, graceful ghost through the city streets, and the sight sent his heart plunging against his side like an inward sledge-hammer. Would one pulse in her heart stir ever so faintly at sight of him? Just as he asked himself the question, and was stepping forward to meet her, feeling very like the country swain in love—"hot and dry like, with a pain in his side like "—he suddenly stopped. Another figure came forth from the shadow of an opposite house, and softly pronounced her name. It was a short figure—a woman's figure. He could not see the face, and that was an immense relief to him, and prevented his having jealousy added to his other pains and tribulations. La Masque paused as well as he, and her soft voice softly asked:

"Who calls?"

"It is I, madame—Prudence."

"It is I, madame—Prudence."
"Ah! I am glad to meet you. I have been searching the city through for you. Where have you

Madame, I was so frightened that I don't know where I fied to, and I could scarcely make up my mind to come back at all. I did feel dreadfully sor-ry for her, poor thing! but you know, Madame Masque, I could do nothing for her, and I should have come back, only I was afraid of you."



Ormiston spread his cloak in the stern of the boat, and laid her tenderly upon it.

"You did wrong, Prudence," said La Masque, sternly, or at least as sternly as so sweet a voice could speak; "you did very wrong to leave her in such a way. You should have come to me at once, and told me all,"

"But, madame, I was so frightened!"

Ormiston drew back as the twain approached, and entered the portals of La Masque's companion was a wrinkled old woman, that would not trouble the peace of mind of the most jealous lover in christendom. Perhaps it was not just the thing to hover aloof and listen; but he could not for the life of him help it; and stand and listen he accordingly did. Who knew but this nocturnal conversation might throw some light on the dark mystery he was anxious to see through, and could his ears have run into needle-points to hear the better, he would have had the operation then and there performed. There was a moment's silence after the two entered the portal, during which La Masque stood, tall, dark, and commanding, motionless as a marble column; and the little withered old specimen of humanity beside her stood gazing up at her with something between fear and fascination.

"Do you know what has become of your charge,

"Do you know what has become of your charge, Prudence?" asked the low, vibrating voice of La

"Do you know what has become of your charge, Prudence?" asked the low, vibrating voice of La Masque, at last.
"How could I, madame? You know I fled from the house, and I dared not go back. Perhaps she is there still."

is there still."

"Perhaps she is not! Do you suppose that sharp shriek of yours was unheard! No; she was found; and what do you suppose has become of her?"

The old woman looked up, and seemed to read in the dark, stern figure, and deep, solemn voice, the fatal truth. She wrung her hands with a sort of

ry. Oh! I know, I know; they have put her in the "On Trinow, I know; they have put her in the dead-cart, and buried her in the plague-pit. Oh, my dear, sweet young mistress."
"If you had stayed by your dear, sweet young mistress, instead of running screaming away as you did, it might not have happened," said La Masque, in a tone between derision and con-

ing; "she was dying of the plague, and how could I help it? They would have buried her in spite of me."
"She was not dead; there was your mistake.
She was as much alive as you or I at this mo-

ment."
"Madame, I left her dead!" said the old woman, positively.

"Prudence, you did no such thing; you left her fainting, and in that state she was found and carried to the plague-pit."

The old woman stood silent for a moment, with a face of intense horror, and then she clasped both

a face of intense horror, and then she clasped both hands with a wild cry.

"Oh, my God! and they buried her alive—buried her alive in that dreadful plague-pit?"

La Masque, leaning against a pillar, stood unmoved; her voice, when she spoke, was as coldly sweet as modern ice-cream.

"Not exactly. She was not buried at all, as I happen to know. But when did you discover that she had the plague, and how could she possibly have caught it?"

"That I do not know, madame. She seemed well enough all day, though not in such high spirits

"That I do not know, madame. She seemed well enough all day, though not in such high spirits as a bride should be. Toward evening she complained of a headache and a feeling of faintness; but I thought nothing of it, and helped her to dress for the bridal. Before it was over, the headache and faintness grew worse, and I gave her wine, and still suspected nothing. The last time I came in, she had grown so much worse, that notwithstanding her wedding dress, she had lain down on her bed, looking for all the world like a ghost, and told me she had the most dreadful burning pain in her chest. Then, madame, the horrid truth struck me—I tore down her dress, and there, sure enough,

thest. Then, madame, the horrid truth struck me—
tore down her dress, and there, sure enough,
was the awful mark of the distemper. 'You have
the plague!' I shrieked; and then I fled down-stairs
and out of the house, like one crazy. Oh, madame,
madame! I shall never forget it—it was terrible!
I shall never forget it! Poor, poor child; and the
sount does not know a word of it!"

La Masque laughed—a sweet, clear, deriding
augh.

augh.
"So the count does not know it, Prudence? Poor nan! he will be in despair when he finds it out, won't he? Such an ardent and devoted lover as

"Could have helped it? What do you mean, Prudence? Nobody made her, did they?"

Prudence fidgeted, and looked rather uneasy.

"Why, madame, she was not exactly forced, perhaps; but you know—you know you told me—"

"Well?" said La Masque, coldly.

"To do what I could," cried Prudence, in a sort of desperation; "and I did it, madame, and harassed her about it night and day. And then the count was there, too, coaxing and entreating; and he was handsome and had such ways with him that no woman could resist, much less one so little used to gentlemen as feeline. And so, Madame Masque. to gentlemen as Leoline. And so, Madame Masque, we kept at her till we got her to consent to it at last; but in her secret heart, I know she did not want to be married—at least to the count," said Prudence, on serious after-thought.

"Well, well, that's nothing to do with it. The question is, where is she to be found?"

"Found!" echoed Prudence; "has she, then, been lost?"

been lost?"

"Of course she has, you old simpleton! How could she help it, and she dead, with no one to look after her?" said La Masque, with something like a half laugh. "She was carried off to the plague-pit in her bridal robes, jewels, and lace; and, when about to be thrown in, was discovered, like Moses in the bulrushes, to be all alive."

"Well," whispered Prudence, breathlessly.

"Well, oh, most courageous of guardians! she was carried to a certain house, and left to her own devices, while her gallant rescuer went for a doc-

levices, while her gallant rescuer went for a doc-or; and when they returned she was found miss-ng. Our pretty L-oline seems to have a strong ancy for getting lost!"

ncy for getting lost: There was a pause, during which Prudence oked at her with a face full of mingled fear and ciosity. At last:
Madame, how do you know all this? Were you No! Not I, indeed! What would take me there?"

Then how do you happen to know everything

"Then how do you happen to know everything about it?"

La Masque laughed.

"A little bird told me, Prudence! Have you returned to resume your old duties?"

"Madame, I dare not go into that house again. I am afraid of taking the plague."

"Prudence, you are a perfect idiot! Are you not liable to take the plague in the remotest quarter of this plague-infested city? And even if you do take it, what odds? You have only a few years to live, at the most, and what matter whether you die now or at the end of a year or two?"

"What matter?" repeated Prudence, in a high key of indignant amazement. "It may make no matter to you, Madame Masque, but it makes a great deal to me, I can tell you; and into that infected house I'll not put one foot."

"Just as you please, only in that case there is no use for further talk, so allow me to bid you goodnight!"

"But, madame, what of Leoline? Do stop one moment and tell me of her."
"What have I to tell? I have told you all I know,
If you want to find her, you must search in the city

r in the pest-house!"
Prudence shuddered, and covered her face with Oh, my poor darling! so good and so beautiful.

Heaven might surely have spared her! Are you going to do nothing further about it?"
"What can I do? I have searched for her and have not found her, and what else remains?" "Madame, you know everything—surely, surely you know where my poor little nursling is, among Again La Masque laughed—another of her low.

Again La Masque laughed—another of her low, sweet, derisive laughs.

"No such thing, Prudence, If I did I should have her here in a twinkling, depend upon it. However, it all comes to the same thing in the end. She is probably dead by this time, and would have to be buried in the plague-pit, anyhow. If you have nothing further to say, Prudence, you had better bid me good-night and let me go."

"Good-night, madame!" said Prudence, with a sort of groan, as she wrapped her cloak closely around her, and turned to go.

La Masque stood for a moment looking after her, and then placed a key in the lock of the door. But there is many a slip—she was not fated to enter as soon as she thought; for just at that moment a new step; sounded behind her, a new voice pronounced her name, and, looking around, she beheld Ormiston, With what feelings that young person had listened to the neat and approprints of the content of the related of the result of the related of the

he was, you know!"
Prudence looked up, a little puzzled.
"Yes, madame, I think so. He seemed very fond of her; a great deal fonder than she ever was of him. The fact is, madame," said Prudence, lowering her voice to a confidential stage whisper, in the fact is a confidential stage whisper.

"she never seemed fond of him at all, and wouldn't have been married, I think, if she could have helped it."

"Could have helped it? What do you mean, Prudence? Nobody made her, did they?"
Prudence fidgeted, and looked rather uneasy.

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"Must I? Very well, then; if I must, you had better begin at once, for the night-air is said to be unhealthy, and as good people are scarce, I want to take care of myself."
"In that case, rephysical results of the control of the co o take care of myself."
"In that case, perhaps you had better let me enter, too. I hate to talk on the street, for every

enter, too. I nate to talk on the street, for every wall has ears."

"I am aware of that. When I was talking to my old friend, Prudence, two minutes ago, I saw a talk shape that I have reason to know, since it haunts me, like my own shadow, standing there and paying deep attention. I hope you found our conversation improving, Mr. Ormiston!"

"Madame!" began Ormiston, turning crimson.

"Oh, don't blush; there is quite light enough from yonder lamp to show that. Besides," added the lady, easily, "I don't know as I had any objection; you are interested in Leoline, and must feel curious to know something about her."

"Madame, what must you think of me? I have

Madame, what must you think of me? I have

"Madame, what must you think of the acted so unpardonably."
"Oh, I know all that. There is no need to apologize, and I don't think any the worse of you for it. Will you come to business, Mr. Ormiston? I think I told you I wanted to go in. What may you man of me at this dismal hour?" "Oh, madame, need you ask? Does not your own heart tell you?"

heart tell you?"
"Iam not aware that it does! And to tell you
the truth, Mr. Ormiston, I don't know that I even
have a heart! I am afraid I must trouble you to put

ti in words."

"Then, madame, I love you!"

"Is that al? If my memory serves me, you have told me that little fact several times before. Is there anything else tormenting you, or may I go n?" Ormiston groaned out an oath between his teeth.

Ormiston groaned out an oath between his teeth, and La Masque raised one jeweled, snowy, taper finger, reprovingly.

"Don't, Mr. Ormiston—it's naughty, you know! May I go in?"

"Madame, you are enough to drive a man mad. Is the love I bear you worthy of nothing but mock-

Is the love I bear you worthy of nothing but mockery?"

"No, Mr. Ormiston, it is not; that is, supposing you really love me, which you don't."

"Madame!"

"Oh, you needn't flush and look indignant; it is quite true! Don't be absurd, Mr. Ormiston. How is it possible for you to love one you have never seen?"

"I have seen you. Do you think I am blind?" he demanded, indignantly.

"My face, I mean. I don't consider that you can see a person without looking in their face. Now you have never looked in mine, and how do you know I have any face at all?"

"Madame, you mock me."

Madame, you mock me."
Not at all. How are you to know what is be-

hind this mask?"
"I feel it, and that is better; and I love you all

let that mask hide what it may! I will never leave you till life leaves me!"
"Man, you are mad! Release my hand and let

me go!"
"Madame, hear me: There is but one way to
prove my love, and my sanity, and that is—"
"Well?" she said, almost touched by his earnest-

"Well?" she said, almost touched by his earnestness.

"Raise your mask and try me! Show me your face and see if I do not love you still!"

"Truly, I know how much love you will have for me when it is revealed. Do you know that no one has looked in my face for the last eight years."

He stood and gazed at her in wonder.

"It is so, Mr. Ormiston; and in my heart I have yowed a yow to plunge headlong into the most loathsome plague-pit in London, rather than ever raise it again. My friend, be satisfied. Go and leave me; go and forget me."

"I can do neither until I have ceased to forget everything earthly. Madame, I implore you, hear me!"

everything earthly. Madame, I implore you, hear me!"

"Mr. Ormiston, I tell you, you but court your own doom. No one can look on me and live!"

"I will risk it," he said, with an incredulous smile. "Only promise to show me your face."

"Be it so, then!" she cried, almost fiercely. "I promise, and be the consequences on your own head."

His whole face flushed with joy.

"I accept them. And when is that happy time to come?"

"Who knows? What must be done, had best be

"I accept them. And when is that happy time to come?"

"Who knows? What must be done, had best be done quickly; but I tell thee it were safer to play with the lightning's chain than tamper with what thou art about to do."

"I take the risk! Will you raise your mask now?"

"No, no—I cannot! But yet, I may before the sun rises. My face"—with bitter scorn—"shows better by darkness than by daylight. Will you be out to see the grand illumination?"

"Most certainly."

"Then meet me here an hour after midnight, and the face so long hidden shall be revealed. But, once again, on the threshold of doom, I entreat you to pause."

once again, on the threshold of doom, Lentreat you to pause."

"There is no such word for me!" he flercely and exultingly cried. "I have your promise, and I shall hold you to it! And, madame, if, at last, you discover my love is changeless as fate itself, then—then may I not dare to hope for a return?"

"Yes; then you may hope," she said, with cold mockery. "If your love survives that sight, it will be mighty, indeed, and well worthy a return."

"And you will return it?"

"You will be my wife?"

"With all my heart!"

"My darling!" he cried, rapturously—"for you are mine already—how can I ever thank you for this? If a whole lifetime devoted and consecrated to your happiness can repay you, it shall be yours."

During this rhapsody, her hand had been on the handle of the door. Now she turned it.

"Good night, Mr. Ormiston," she said, and vanished.

CHAPTER VII.

CHAPTER VII.

THE EARL'S BARGE.

Shocks of joy, they tell me, seldom kill. Of my own knowledge I cannot say, for I have had precious little experience of such shocks in my lifetime, Heaven knows; but in the present instance; I can safely aver, they had no such dismal effect on Ormiston. Nothing earthly could have given that young gentleman a greater shock of joy than the knowledge he was to behold the long-hidden face of his idol. That that face was ugly, he did not for an instant believe, or, at least, it never would be ugly to him. With a form so perfect—a form a sylph might have envied—a voice sweeter than the Singing Fountain of Arabia, hands and feet the most perfectly beautiful the sun ever shone on, it was simply a moral and physical impossibility, then, they could be joined to a repulsive face. There was a remote possibility that it was a little less exquisite than those ravishing items, and that her morbid fancy made her imagine it homely, compared with them, but he knew he never would share in that opinion. It was the reasoning of love—or, rather, the logic; for when love glides smilling and dipping in at the door, reason stalks gravely, not to say sulkily, out of the window, and, standing afar off, eyes disdainfully the didoes and antics of her late tenement. There was very little reason, therefore, in Ormiston's head and heart, but a great deal of something sweeter, joy—joy that thrilled and vibrated through every nerve within him. Leaning against the portal, in an absurd delirium of delight—for it takes but a trifle to jerk throled and vibrated through every nerve within him. Leaning against the portal, in an absurd delirium of delight—for it takes but a trifle to jerk throled and vibrated through every nerve within him. Leaning against the portal, in an absurd delirium of delight—for it alies but a trifle to jerk throled to the sum of THE EARL'S BARGE.

"Not at all. How are you to know what is be hind this mask?"

"I feel it, and that is better; and I love you all the same."

"Mr. Ormiston, how do you know but I am ugly?"

"Madame, I do not believe you are; you are all too perfect not to have a perfect face; and even were it otherwise, I still love you!"

She broke into a laugh—one of her low, short, deriding laughs.

"You do! Oh, man, how wise thou art! I tell you, if I took off this mask, the sight would curdle the very blood in your veins with horror—would freeze the life-blood in your resis with horror—would freeze the life-blood in your heart. I tell you!" she passionately cried, "there are sights too horrible for human beings to look on and live, and this—this is one of them!"

He started back, and stared at her aghast.

"You think mask conceals would blast you. Go now, for Heaven's sake, and leave me in peace, to drag out the rest of my miserable life; and if ever you think of me, let it be to pray that it may speedily end. You have forced me to say this; so now be content. Be merciful, and go!"

She made a desperate gesture, and turned to leave him, but he caught her hand and held her fast.

"Never!" he cried, fiercely. "Say what you will!

E--- WHE BANURDAY FOURNAUS-E--

hair of despeat blackness, and with a sparkie of levels on speed and arms. Only for one instant did sevels on speed and arms. Only for one instant did sevels on speed and arms. Only for one instant did sevels on speed and arms. And the speed arms and the speed arms as the ord, in the black, sluggisk river, and disappeared.

"Who is it? When is it? Where it it? witer in the black, sluggisk river, and disappeared." It is the black of the control of the black, sluggisk river, and disappeared. "Who is it? When is it? witer in the black, sluggisk river, and disappeared." "Who is it? When is it? witer and control of the streets; we gave chase, but almost a dosen or so answered all at once: "She is delirons with the plaque; she was running through the streets; we gave chase, but almost a dosen or so answered all at once: "She is delirons with the plaque; she was running through the streets; we gave chase, but almost a dosen or so answered all at once: "She is delirons with the plaque; she was running through the streets; we gave chase, but almost a dosen or so answered all at once: "She is delirons with the plaque; she was running through the streets; we gave chase, but almost a dosen or so answered all at once: "She is delirons with the streets; we gave chase, but almost a dosen or so answered all at once: "She is delirons with the plaque; she was running through the streets; we gave chase, but almost a dosen or so answered all at once: "She is delirons with the streets; we gave chase, but almost a dosen or so answered all at once: "She is delirons with the streets; we gave chase, but almost a dosen or so answered all at once: "She is delirons with the plaque she was running through the streets; we gave chase, but almost a dosen or so answered and the crowd—a small better that she was the same and the streets; we gave chase, but almost a dosen or so answered with a she was the same and the streets; we gave chase, but almost a dosen or so answered with all the streets; we gave chase, but almost a dose of the same and

wonder.

"To whom?" asked Ormiston, who had very little need to inquire.

"To Hubert, yonder. Why, don't you see it yourself? She might be his twin sister!"

"She might be, but, as she is not, you will have the goodness to let me take charge of her. She has escaped from her friends, and I must bring her back to them." He half-lifted her as he spoke; and the boatman, glad enough to get rid of one sick of the plague, helped her into the batteau. The lady was not insensible, as might be supposed, after her cold bath, but extremely wide-awake, and gazing around her with her great, black, shining eyes. But she made no resistance; either she was too faint or frightened for that, and suffered herself to be hoisted about, "passive to all changes." Ormiston spread his cloak in the stern of the boat, and laid her tenderly upon it, and though the beautiful, wistful eyes were solemnly and unwinkingly fixed on his face, the pale, sweet lips parted not—uttered never a word. The wet bridal robes were drenched and dripping about her, the long dark hair hung in saturated masses over her neck and arms, and contrasted vividly with a face, Ormiston thought, at once the whitest, most beautiful, and most stone-like he had ever seen.

"Thank you, my man; thank you, my lord," said Ormiston, preparing to push off.
Rochester, who had been leaning from the barge, gazing in mingled curiosity, wonder and admiration at the lovely face, turned now to his champion.

"Who is she, Ormiston?" he said, persuas-

pion. "Who is she, Ormiston?" he said, persuas-

"Who is she, Ormiston?" he said, persuasively.

But Ormiston only laughed, and rowed energetically for the shore. The crowd was still lingering; and half a dozen hands were extended to draw the boat up to the landing. He lifted the light form in his arms and bore it from the boat; but before he could proceed further with his armful of beauty, a faint but imperious voice spoke. "Please put me down. I am not a baby, and can walk myself."

Ormiston was so surprised, or rather dismayed, by this unexpected address, that he complied at once, and placed her on her own pretty feet. But the young lady's sense of propriety was a great deal stronger than her physical powers; and she swayed and tottered, and had to cling to her unknown friend for support.

"You are scarcely strong enough, I am afraid, dear lady," he said, kindly. "You had better let me carry you. I assure you I am quite equal to it, or even a more mighty burden, if necessity required."

"Thank you, sir." said the faint voice, faintly:

"Thank you, sir," said (the faint voice, faintly;
but I would rather walk. Where are you taking me to?"
"To your own house, if you wish-it is quite Yes. Let us go there! Prudence is there,

"Yes. Yes. Let usgothere: Frudence is there, and she will take care of me."
"Will she?' said Ormiston, doubtfully. "I hope you do not suffer much pain?"
"I do not suffer much pain?"
"I do not suffer at all," she said, wearily; "only I am so tired. Oh, I wish I was home!"
Ormiston half led, half lifted her up the

stairs. "You are almost there, dear lady—see, it is "You are almost there, dear lady—see, it is close at hand!"
She half lifted her languid eyes, but did not speak. Leaning panting on his arm, he drew her gently on until he reached her door. It was still unfastened. Prudence had kept her word, and not gone near it; and he opened it, and helped her in. "Where now?" he asked.

"Up-stairs," she said, feebly. "I want to go to my own room."

my own room."
Ormiston knew where that was, and assisted her there as tenderly as he could have done La Masque herself. He paused on the threshold; for the room

dark as Hades.
There is a lamp and a tinder-box on the man's said the faint, sweet voice, "if you will only

please to find them."

Ormiston crossed the room—fortunately he knew the latitude of the place—and moving his hand with gingerly precaution along the mantel-shelf, lest he should upset any of the gimeracks thereon, soon obtained the articles named, and struck a The lady was leaning wearfly against the ost, but now she came forward, and dropped door-post, but now she came forward, and dropped door-post, but now she came forward, and dropped exhausted into the downy pillows of a lounge.
"Is there anything I can do for you, madam?" began Ormiston, with as solicitous an air as though he had been her father. "A glass of wine would be of use to you, I think; and then, if you wish, I

will go for a doctor."
"You are very kind. You will find wine and glasses in the room opposite this, and I feel so faint that I think you had better bring me some." Ormiston moved across the passage, like the good, obedient young man that he was, filled a

glass of Burgundy, and as he was returning with it, was startled by a cry from the lady that nearly made him drop and shiver it on the fle What under heaven has come to her now?" he what there have the has come to her how; he thought, hastening in, wondering how she could possibly have come to grief since he left her. She was sitting upright on the sofa, her dress pulled down off her shoulder where the plague-spot had been; and which, to his amazement, he saw now pure and stainless, and free from every

thsome trace.
You are cured of the plague!" was all he 'could

ery. "Thank God!" she exclaimed, fervently clasping her hands. "But oh! how can it have happened? It must be a miracle it was your plunge into the river; I have neard of one or two such cases before, and if ever take it," said Ormiston, half laughing, half shud-lering, "my first rush shall be for old Father Fhames. Here, drink this; I am certain it will com-

plete the cure."
The girl—she was nothing but a girl—drank it off and sat upright like one inspired with new life. As she set down the glass, she lifted her dark, sclemn, beautiful eyes to his face, with a long, searching

"What is your name?" she simply asked.
"Ormiston, msdam," he said, bowing low.
"You have saved my life, have you not?"
"It was the Earl of Rochester who rescued you from the river; but I would have done it a moment

"I do not mean that. I mean "-with a slight shudder—" are you not one of those I saw at the plague-pit? Oh! that dreadful, dreadful plague pit!" she cried, covering her face with her hands.

"Yes, I am one of those."
"And who was the other?"
"My friend, Sir Norman Kingsley."
"Sir Norman Kingsley?" she softly repeated, with a sort of recognition in her voice and eyes, while a faint roseate glow rose softly over her face and neck. Ah! I thought—was it to his house or

and neck. All I thought—was it to his house or yours I was brought?"
"To his," replied Ormiston, looking at her curiously; for he had seen that rosy glow, and was extremely puzzled thereby; "from whence, allow me to add, you took your departure rather uncere-

niously."
Did I?" she said, in a bewildered sort of way. "Did 1?" see Salo, in a bewindered sort and "It's all like a dream to me. I remember Prudence "It's all like a dream to me. I remember Prudence sereaming, and telling me I had the plague, and sereaming, and telling me when I heard it; awakening, and between it and the anguish of the plague-sore I think I fainted again" (Ormiston moded asgaciously), "and when I next recovered agazing throng they were. Sir Norman had mingled in many a brilliant scene at Whitehall, where

drooped, and it puzzled him again beyond measure.

"Do you know Sir, Norman Kingsley?" he suspiciously asked.

"By sight I know many of the nobles of the court," she answered, evasively, and without looking up; "they pass here often, and Prudence knows them all; and so I have learned to distinguish them by name and sight, your friend among the rest."

"And you would like to see my friend?" he said, with a malicious emphasis.

"I would like to thank him," retorted the lady, with some asperity; "you have told me how much I owe him, and it strikes me the desire is somewhat natural."

"Without doubt it is, and it will save Sir Norman much fruitless labor: for even now he is in search of you, and will neither rest nor sleep until he inds you."
"In search of me?" she said, softly, and with that cosy glow again illumining her beautiful face; "he indeed kind, and I am most anxious to thank jum."

m."
"I will bring him here in two hours, then," said
rmiston, with energy; "and though the hour may
a little unseasonable, I hope you will not object
it; for if you do, he will certainly not survive

ntil morning."
She gayly laughed, but her cheek was scarlet.
"Rather than that, Mr. Ormiston, I will even see
im to night. You will find me here when you
"""."

"You will not run away again, will you?" said Orniston, looking at her doubtfully. "Excuse me;
nut you have a trick of doing that, you know."
Again she laughed merrily.
"I think you may safely trust me this time. Are

u going?" By way of reply, Ormiston took his hat and start-for the door. There he paused, with his hand

upon it.

"How long have you known Sir Norman Kings-ley?" was his careless, artful question.

But Leoline, tapping one little foot on the floor, and looking down at it with hot cheeks and humid eyes, answered not a word.

THE MIDNIGHT QUEEN.

WHEN Sir Norman Kingsley entered the ancient ruin, his head was full of Leoline—when he knelt down to look through the aperture in the flagged floor, head and heart were full of her still. But the

thing fled far from his thoughts, Leoline among the rest; and nothing remained but a profound and absorbing feeling of intensest amaze.

Right below him he beheld an immense room, of which the flag he had raised seemed to form part of the ceiling, in a remote corner. Evidently it was one of a range of lower vaults, and as he was at least fourteen feet above it, and his corner somewhat in shadow, there was little danger of his being seen. So, leaning far down to look at his leisure, he took the goods the gods provided him, and stared to his heart's content.

he took the goods the gods provided him, and stared to his heart's content.

Sir Norman had seen some queer sights during the four-and-twenty years he had spent in this queer world, but never anything quite equal to this. The apartmentbelow, though so exceedingly large, was lighted with the brilliance of noonday; and every object it contained, from one end to the other, was distinctly revealed. The floor, from glimpses he had of it in obscure corners, was of stone: but from end to end it was covered with richest rugs and mats, and squares of velvet of as many colors as Joseph's coat. The walls were hung with splendid tapestry, gorg-ous in silk and coloring, representing the wars of Troy, the exploits of Cour de Lion among the Saracens, the death of Hercules, all on one side; and on the other, a more Hercules, all on one side; and on the other, a more modern representation, the Field of the Cloth of Gold. The illumination proceeded from a range of wax tapers in silver candelabra, that encircled the whole room. The air was redolent of perfumes, and filled with strains of softest and sweetest music from an unseen hand. At one extremity of the room was a huge door of glass and gilding; and opthrone. It stood on a raised dals, covered with crimson velvet, reached by two or three steps car-peted with the same; the throne was as magnificent as gold, and satin, and ornamentation could make it. A great velvet canopy of the same deep, rich color, cut in antique points, and heavily hung with lar throne, somewhat less superb, and minus a canopy. From the door to the throne was a long strip of crimson velvet, edged and embroidered with gold, and arranged in a sweeping semi-circle; on either side, were a row of great carved, gilded, and cushioned chairs, brilliant, too, with crimson and gold, and each, for everyday Christians, a throne in itself. What between the blaze of illu-mination, the flashing of gilding and gold, the tro-pical flush of crimson velvet, the rainbow dyes on floor and walls, the intoxicating gushes of perfume, and the delicious strains of unseen music, it is no wonder Sir Norman Kingsley's head was spinning

like a bewildered teetotum.

Was he sane—was he sleeping? Had he drank too
much wine at the Golden Crown, and had it all gone
to his head? Was it a scene of castern enchantving his own eyes and ears, and quietly con theless, and see how the dazzling phantasmagorism would end. The music was certainly ravisbing and it seemed to him, as he listened with enchant a vague idea was noating misuly through his mind that he had beheld precisely the same thing some-where before. Probably at some past period of his life he had underwent a similar vision, or had seen a picture semewhere like it in a tale of magic, and satisfying himself with this conclusion, he began wondering if the genii of the place were going to make their appearance at all, or if the knowledge that human area were upon than had somod the

the gorgeons court of Charles shone in all its splent of the "morry monarch" at their lead, but far short of this paceant. Half the brilliant floor were halos, apper in sating, allo, we have the sun in the paceant. Half the brilliant floor were halos apper in a time, allowed the sun in the sun of the sun in the sun in the sun in the sun of the sun in the sun of the sun in the sun of the sun in the sun of the sun in the sun of the sun in the sun of the sun in the sun of the sun in the sun in the sun of the sun in the sun of the sun in the sun of the sun in the sun of the sun in the sun in the sun of the sun in the sun in the sun in the sun in the sun of the sun in the sun in the sun of the sun in the sun in the sun in the sun in the sun of the sun in the sun in

came another pompous dignitary, in such unheard of magnificence that the unseen looker-on set him down for a prime minister, or a lord high chancelor, at the very least. The somewhat gaudy looking gentlemen who stepped after the pious prelate and peer, wore the stars and garters of foreign courfs, and were evidently embassadors extraorcinary to that of her midnight majesty. After them came a snowy flock of fair young girls, angels but the wings, slender as sylphs, and robed in purest white. Each bore on her arm a basket of flowers, roses and rosebuds of every tint, from snowy white to darkest crimson, and as they floated in they scattered them lightly as they went. And then after all came another vision, "the last, the brightest, the best "—the Midnight Queen herself. One other figure followed her, and as they entered, a shout arose from the whole assemblage: "Long live Queen Miranda!" And bowing gracefully and easily to the right and left, the queen, with a queen ly step, trod the long crimson carpet and mounted the regal throne.

From the first moment of his looking down, Sir

From the first moment of his looking down, Sin Norman had been staring with all the eyes in his head, undergoing one shock of surprise after an other with the equanimity of a man quite used to it; but now a cry arose to his lips and died there in voiceless consternation. For he recognized the queen—weil he might!—he had seen her before and her face was the face of Leoline! As she mount ed the stairs, she stood there for a moment crowned and sceptered, before sitting down, ard in that moment he recognized the whole scene. That gor geous room, and its gorgeous inmates; that regardeners and its regal owner, all became palpable at the sun at noonday; that slender, exquisite figure robed in royal purple and ermine; the uncovered neck and arms, snowy and perfect, ablaze with jew. neck and arms, snowy and periect, aniaze with els; that lovely face, like snow, like marble in whiteness and calm, with the great, dark, ear eyes looking out, and the waving wealth of falling around it. It was the very scene, and reand vision, that La Masque had shown him is caldron, and that face was the face of Leoline, Could be he deseming? We and vision, that La masque had shown him in the caldron, and that face was the face of Leoline, and the earl's page. Cou'd he be dreaming? Was he sane or mad, or were the three really one? While he looked, the beautiful queen bowed low, and amid the profoundest and most respectful slience, took her seat. In her robes of purple, wearing the glittering crown, scepter in hand, throned and canopied, royally beautiful she looked indeed, and a most vivid contrast to the gentleman near her, seated very much at his ease, on the lower throne. The contrast was not of dress-for his outward man was resplendent to look at; but in figure and face, in grace and dignity, he was a very mean specimen of the lords of creation, indeed. In stature, he scarcely reached to the queen's royal shoulder, but made up sideways what he wanted in length — being the breadth of two common men; his head was in proportion to his width, and was decorated with a wig of long, flowing, flaxen hair, that scarcely harmonized with a profusion of the article, whiskers, in hue most unmitigated black; his eyes were small, keen, bright and piercing, and glared on the assembled company as they

nce reigned.
"My lord duke." began the queen, in the very voice he had heard at the plague-pit, as she turned to the stylish individual next the archbishop "come forward and read us the roll of mortality

since our last meeting."
His grace, the duke, instantly stepped forward, His grace, the duke, instantly stepped for bowing so low that nothing was seen of him to brief space, but the small of his back, and whe reared himself up, after this convulsion of na Sir Norman beheld a face not entirely new to At first, he could not imagine where he had se

Ashley.
"My lords Craven and Ashley dead!" exclaimed

its."
"True, your majesty," said the duke, dolefully
"True, pour majesty, is said the duke, dolefully

er, and at length died away altogether.

By midnight many miles separated them from their hastily-deserted camp in the hills,

and pushing on they finally debouched into the open valley of the Powder River. It was their great desire to cross the river soon as practicable, and Idaho Tom so expressed himself to Kit Bandy.

"Wal, my dear sir," said the *ci-devant* robber, "thar's but one ford this side of Ingin Butte, and that's thirty mile from here."

"Isn't there a point nearer where we might effect a crossing? "No: it'd be impossible to cross this side of

the reg'lar ford, and if ye say cross thar, why, "I think we had better cross there, for by so doing we can get off the reservation sooner, and then we'll not be between two fires-

United States troops and the prairie-pirates.' With the matter thus understood by all, they moved on, Kit Bandy assuming the lead with as much indifference as though entire confidence had been reposed in him from the mo ment they met. In fact, he never questioned the miners' feelings toward himself, but took t for granted that he had been accepted into

fellowship with them, and acted accordingly. Owing to the rough and uncertain condition of the country, the party would be compelled to travel some forty miles to reach the ford: and, knowing full well that their animals would need rest before the distance was made they halted about daylight, unsaddled their horses and tied them out to feed upon the dry

Kit Bandy killed a fawn near where they halted, and, dressing it, a fire was lighted and most of it roasted. What was left after a nearty breakfast was reserved for future need. After a couple hours' halt the miners resumed their flight. They moved on as fast as possible, stopping about an hour only during

grass and green shrubbery.

the day. Night found them still a few miles from the They halted, however, in a thicket of dense brushwood to rest and feed their animals before approaching the river.

While there, a horseman suddenly swept past them like the wind, going south.

The ranger-miners started to their feet. The clatter of the flying hoofs died away in the distance. "Horn of Joshua! he's in a bit of a hurry,

now, ar'n't he?" observed Kit Bandy, facetious ly. "That reminds me of the days of the Pony Express. You heard a clatter; you see'd a black something shoot across your vision, and durned if the rider wa'n't gone. All that war left to convince you that some one passed was the tracks in the road, and the dust, puffed from the animal's heels, hangin' along the "But there is no Pony Express line here-

ways," said Tom, uneasily. 'Nary one, capt in; and as to the meanin' of

a robber relay somewhar down this way, and it may have been a messenger from head-quar-ters. Or, it may have been a military-dispatch bearer goin' to Fort Sully. Mebby the blue-coats have got into trouble with the pirates of the hills, and need help. At any rate, we'd better git across the ford as soon as is consistent with our leisure. If Prairie Paul up a pizen dose for my physical system. When

yes, I did once, too, come to think! That war when I lived with Sabina. I tell ye, boys, the devil hisself couldn't beat that old female wo-She'd head a feller at his own game, if she had to steal a trump out of his hand. Once when I put a burr under old Fluke's tail, and the horse run away with her, and threw her into a mud-puddle, she swore vengeance on me. I watched her for nearly a year, and s'posed she'd forgotten all 'bout the burr; and so one day, tired and weary, I spread a blanket under the inviting shade of an azelea, that grew on the green, grassy bank of the Yuba river, and laid down upon it to rest. I fell asleep and slept sounder than a dead man. I don't know how long I slept, but suddenly I felt myself go kersouze into the river. I awoke right away under the impression that I'd got to tossin' about in my sleep and rolled off the bank. I begun to struggle, but I found I war helpless. My hands were confined at my side, my head and face war kivered, and my feet and legs tangled in somethin', and I couldn't tell, to save me, what in plaguation ailed me. I kicked, and floundered, and struggled, and hollered, and every time I'd sink under water I'd feel somethin' jerk at my head and fetch me nighly onto my feet. Finally, I heerd a sharp, fiendish laugh, and then the hull truth bu'st on my mind like a rotten egg. That ornery old Sa-bine had sewed the blanket up around me while I slept, and then rolled me into the Yuba. Then, with a rope attached to the top of the bag, she amused herself for forty hours, I act'ly believe, dousin' me up and down in that water, laffin' and yoopin', and tauntin' like a fiendess below.

'Now then, you ole vagrant of the Yuba!' she'd yell, 'you'll put another burr under my hoss' tail, won't you? Will ye beg? will ye say enough? will ye promise obedience?—to love, cherish and protect? and a lot more of sich, and if I didn't answer right up, down I'd sink, for she'd sewed a big stone in the bag at my feet. Arter I war nearly drowned she'd yank me to the surface and put them questions again.
And, boys, it's a bloody, murderous fact, I act'ly had to promise everything afore that old demoness would haul me out and rip up that bag. I'd assassinated her on the spot if I had-

n't been so dimmed weak that I couldn't raise one of them mauls," and he shoved his huge fists out into space, and swore furiously over the recollections of the affair. The young miners indulged in an outburst of

laughter; then, mounting their animals, continued on toward the ford. The way to the river now lay through a defile not over forty rods in width, and, as they approached the ford, the faint glow of a number of moving lights arrested their attention and further advance. But the moment they stopped the lights disappeared.

'Horn of Joshua!" exclaimed Kit, "them war the marble lights of the robbers, shurer'n thunder! They war across the river, too, on t'other side of the ford."

What do you mean by 'marble lights?" asked Tom.
"Why, they're little hollow glass balls, 'bout

the size of a marble, with a hole through 'em for a string. They're filled inside with phosphorus in its most luminous form, and are used n the night that one rob may know another; and are— Hark!"

The sound of flying hoofs smote upon their

ears, coming down the defile toward the ford. Before they could decide upon any course of ction, a horseman drew rein in their midst.

It was dark, but from force of habit, the ran gers, as we will continue to call the little band ince they had been compelled to give up their prospecting as miners, had become somewhat accustomed to the dense shadows of night; and they were enabled to see that the stranger was a woman. She was dressed in a suit of dark water-proof, while a hat with a white plume surmounted her head.

She was mounted upon a black pony, whose moking flanks, foam-covered sides and red, steaming nostrils told that it had been long and hardly ridden.

"Is this the party of young men that was encamped in the hills recently?" she asked, the instant she drew rein in their midst. "By the ram's horn that shook old Jericho's

wall!" exclaimed old Kit, "that's the voice of Aree, the Princess."

"Yes, it is," she responded, "and I recognize your voice, Kit, which in a measure answers I am the person, my dear Miss Aree," said

Idaho Tom, politely, "whom you liberated in the soldiers' camp. She rode nearer to Tom and looked into his face, her own fair visage flushed with excite-

ment and her exhilarating ride, while her eyes beamed with the radiance of love. You are in danger, sir," she said, touching his arm with her gloved hand.

"Indeed? but you have surely not ridden fifty miles to warn us, have you?" I have," she answered.

"Then again have you placed us under obligations to you, for which we can never repay you, for thus risking life and limb," was 'om's response.

"It is a pleasure to be of some benefit in this world," she answered, softly. "Kit Bandy, there, has no doubt told you who and what I am. But, sir, you are in danger. My friends, through an Indian, put the soldiers under General Custer upon your trail, and they must now be within the pass. Meanwhile, Prairie Paul, with ten men in Indian disguises, is waiting for you on the other side of the ford, and they will try to hold you till the soldiers come up, v they will take to the hills to escape the soldiers themselves. Since night before last messengers have been flying through the hills, and every effort possible made to avenge the death of those who fell in your camp. two ago, a messenger passed me on his way to Couble's ranch after reinforcements for Prairie Paul. Of course, they will be expected ahead

of you and the troops, but— Boys, I'm afraid we're between two deadly fires still!" said Idaho Tom.

'Yas, by the horn of Joshua! we're in a wuss fix than I war when I clum'a holler redwood arter a young b'ar once, and old Sabina built a smudge under me, and smoked me and the b'ar both to death.'

"You cannot go back, for the soldiers hunt you as outlaws, while death in ambush waits you on the other side of the river," said Aree; and so there is but one course open to you. 'And that?" said Tom, eagerly.

that dash past us jist now I can't say. Thar's "Is to go boldly across the ford. In the night my friends wear that by which they may distinguish a friend from a foe. It is by wearing a tiny ball of fire attached to a button-hole where it can be seen. I have fifteen of these under my cloak, and each of you can take one, and, by means of the string upon it, suspend it to your breast; and then ride across the river, should ketch me in you fellers' society he'd work and when you gain the opposite shore put spur "True, your majesty," said the duke, dolefully, and it is not an hour since they quitted this vale of tears. They and myself rode forth at nightfall, according to custom, to lay your majesty's tax on all travelers, and soon chanced to encounter one who gave vigorous battle; still, it would have done him little service, had not another person come suddenly to his aid, and between them they clove up a pizen dose for my physical system. When I git across the river I'll feel more like an American eagle, and then, boys, I'll talk some to you—of freedom and liberty. I never felt so unean and so ornery in my life as since I've been a part and passel of Prairie Paul's band—lost," and seek the shelter of the woods. The mountaineers"—as she called her friends—"will not dare fire upon you with these lights. They will think they are worn by the friends sent for. Here—there is no time—not a moment to be lost," and she gave one of the glowing balls, wrapped in thin paper, to each of the little nd. While thus engaged, Kit Bandy asked: "Are they doin' much mournin' over my

"They were puzzled over the absence of your body and the empty grave," she answered. In a moment Tom said

"We are now ready to follow your instructions, fair friend, be it to freedom or death." "May God speed you!" she answered, with a depth of earnestness in her trembling voice.

But you, Aree-"Never mind me," she interrupted, "a hundred times have I ridden over these hills where you would not dare to go. But, sir, may I ask your name?" and her voice fell almost to a whisper.

"Thomas Taylor," the young man answer

'Thank you," and she dashed away. The next moment her pony was heard clambering up the steep mountain side to their right, where the ascent seemed to loom abruptly into the sky. At every bound almost they could see a flash beneath the iron-shod hoofs of her pony, and up and up, higher and higher were those faint flashes seen to rise-diminishing in the distance like the dull glow of a receding fire-

'Gracious heavens!" cried Tom, almost motionless with fear; "she will be killed! She is mad-wild!"

"Don't worry 'bout that gal, Tom," said old "Her life's charmed by all the fairies in Christendom. She'd be reckless enough to ride up Bunker Hill monument if she'd take a notion

"Brave, beautiful and peerless Aree!" said

Tom.

The sound of approaching horsemen at this juncture, warned the little band of danger, and turning their animals' heads, they rode on to-

CHAPTER XIX.

CROSSING THE RUBICON. UNDER the gloom of night, the river flowed

To and fro across the defile before them, in and out of the shadows like weavers' shuttles,

glided the velvet-footed coyote and hare. The sky was overcast, and a dense fog hung over the river and the approach to the ford. Twelve glowing specks of fire blazed upon the throbbing breasts of our twelve friends, as they

advanced toward the river. Not a sound escaped their lips; only the tread of their animals' feet told of their approach, aside from the lights.

Half a score of eager eyes, concealed among the bushes on the opposite side of the river, saw the moving lights and kindled brighter with delight.

rangers, and through it they spur their plung-The Rubicon is passed, and they stand upon its shore; and now, as if actuated by a single

impulse, they dash away and escape into the Under the spreading branches of a great

tree, Idaho Tom finally halts to call the roll and enumerate the loss and casualties. All answered to his name save one.

Kit Bandy, the ex-robber, was missing! They waited for him, and called; but he

No one remembered having seen him since they entered the river.

Boys," said Darcy Cooper, "I am afraid he has gone back on us," and he expressed the

opinion of all but one. And that one was Tom, and Tom alone was right. Kit Bandy had not deserted them, but was unknowingly deserted - left behind in

In crossing the river, he had permitted the current to bear him too far down the stream, and his horse became entangled in some drift-wood and mired down in the treacherous quicksand bottom. In the darkness, and the confusion consequent upon the crossing, his companions failed to discover his mishap.

Down, deeper and deeper sunk his horse in the sand. Its exertions to free itself only served to increase its peril. Kit soon discovered his danger and leaped from the animal's back into the water, tearing off the signal-light on his breast as he did so; for at this juncture the rangers dashed away, and the robbers in waiting discovered the trick that had been practiced upon them.

Throwing himself upon his back, he floated down the river at the will of the current, the floundering of his horse drawing the attention of the enemy to the one spot, and thereby enabling him to make good his escape. Seeing that they had been outwitted by the

rangers, the robbers made no attempt to pursue them, nor did they create any noise that would attract the attention of the approaching soldiers; but at once stole softly, yet briskly away down the river to where they had left

Meanwhile, the redoubtable Kit Bandy was floating silently down the river, and there is no telling when he would have gone ashore, so easily was he drifting along, had he not discovered that the banks of the river were fast developing into the walls of a canyon This decided his course, and he at once turned and swam to the east shore, scrambled up its almost perpendicular bank and sat down upon a rock to regain his breath. While thus engaged, he took off his clothing, piece by piece, and wrung the water out of the garments, and replaced them upon his person. This done, he

"Dast'em, I got away from 'em, if I did have to swim for it," he said aloud, a habit he had of talking to himself when alone

The next moment the tread of feet was heard, and a dozen men confronted him. They were Prairie Paul and party—the very men of whom he was speaking.

"Kit Bandy! is it possible that you are here alive?" exclaimed the outlaw chief, in astonish-

'Ar'n't it, though, capt'in?" responded Kit, endeavoring to speak with his usual composure, while his heart was sinking through fear that his desertion of the band had been discovered. But his quick wits serving him at the proper instant, he continued, without scarcely an interruption in his speech; "and a devil of a time I've had of it. Them ornery, mean scape-gallowses took me in a prisoner, and with all my figgerin' and fightin', I couldn't slip 'em till we went to ford the river. My hoss mired and I floated off—s'posed thar war a lot of sojers nigh, or I'd 'a' put to shore

"But how is it that the rangers all carried

our signals?" asked the robber captain. "Horn of Joshua! that's nothin', capt'in. They know more'n half of our secrets—got 'em Them boys have from some of our traitors. got haydoogins of 'em signal balls among their effects. I tell ye, friends, 'em boys are regler young Bengal tigers on a fight."

'Kit, how does it come that you are here

"That's easy 'nuff 'counted for. Old aunt Peggy Bandy fust started me in business, seein' she was my mother. But if you want to know why I'm alive since the fight t'other night, I'll say that it comes from the fact that I weren't killed. I war only stunned, and when they pushed up his sleeves, spat upon his hands, and got so wonderful Christianish as to want to chuck me into a grave that wa'n't fit for a dead Piute, I had to let 'em know I wa'n't ripe for plantin' yit, and so they snailed me in a prisoner—a curiosity of the Black Hills for a him who had fired the shot. Checago menagary, they said. Didn't ye see

my grave? wa'n't it a slovenly affair?" Yes, and were surprised to find it empty,

"Humph!" grunted Kit, disdainfully, dead man wouldn't sleep in sich a dasted hole as that war. But, oh, horn that blew down old Jericho!—if them fellers ar'n't cases, I don't want a cent. They're afeard of nothin' human, and shoot!—why, hounds of Satan! shoot's no name for it. I've see'd 'em shoot gnats off each other's cheeks with their revolvers; and that's not all. They never use a ramrod to load a muzzle-loadin' rifle."

"You're tryin' to sell some one, as usual, now." remarked one of the outlaws.

"Gospelfactorum; the way they do it, they put in the powder, then the owner of the gun steps off a hundred vards, and another with a preech-loader of the same bore, shoots the ball down the barrel of the muzzle-loader-do it every time slick as a ribbon-fact, gospelfac-

"What an infernal lie," said one of the robbers.

"Have it your own way, boys; but I would like to get out of this place into a dryer suit of lothes, else be movin' to generate some heat to dry these 'uns."
"I would like to find out before leaving here," said Prairie Paul, "the position and

movements of the soldiers. We have more to fear of them now than the rangers. "Then s'pose I scout up to'rds the ford?" said Kit.

"Go ahead, and hurry back," replied Paul, and Kit departed, one of the party having pro-

vided him with a rifle and revolver. The outlaws never suspected him of false hood, nor dreamed of his real intentions. The empty grave, and the words they had heard him speak when he first landed, were ample proof of what he subsequently told them. Kit saw how easily he had disarmed them of all grounds for suspicion; and with a reckless disregard of his word and the probable conse quence, he turned aside as soon as he was out of earing, and crept around to where the robbers had left their horses hitched in the timber. Selecting the finest one, which of course was Prairie Paul's, he vaulted into the saddle waved a silent adieu toward the robbers, and rode away, convulsed with silent laughter over the conceit of his deceptive trick.

Meanwhile, Idaho Tom and party were ridng rapidly away. They kept on the move all night, and the next day they passed out of the hills, upon the open plains of Dakota. Here they felt more at ease, and had the fate of Kit Bandy been known to them, they would have minds, for, somehow or other, they had become attached to the whimsical old ex-robber.

Toward the close of the day, they espied a white-topped wagon across the plain some distance to their right. There was something about this "prairie schooner," and its move ment, that gave it a piratical look, and the roung rangers resolved to inquire into it.

Concealing themselves behind a swell in the plain, they waited until night, when they moved cautiously toward the wagon. The vehicle had stopped; and leaving his horse in care of his friends, Idaho Tom crept softly through the tall grass, and, unseen, gained a and, knowing the danger that would likely be position directly under the wagon, where, a added to Dan's already perilous situation, should few minutes later, he was confronted by Dakota Dan, the ranger!

> CHAPTER XX. DAKOTA DAN IN TROUBLE.

to the time we left them encamped in the little sume the main thread of our story.

It will doubtless be remembered that Dakota Dan had left his friends to reconnoiter the immediate vicinity, and had been gone but a few minutes when the angry report of a gun started the young rangers with the belief that Dan was in trouble. The sudden appearance of Humility in camp, howling with agony, went far to corroborate this belief, and they at once and make every shot count one when you get

set off to the old ranger's assistance After leaving the rangers, Dakota Dan had proceeded but a short distance when he was suddenly brought to a stand by sight of a dark line crossing his path at right angles. No one but an experienced hunter would have noticed this, for it was but the faint trail of something through the grass. Dan examined the ground carefully, and discovered the imprint of a moccasined foot in the yielding soil. Glancing along the trail, he was not a little surprised to see a red-skin with his rifle at a trail, skulking through the timber as though he, too, was re

onnoitering the situation. Dan turned and set off to follow him, in a crouchant position. Humility took the lead, and as they moved along, an accident befell the old man, that in all his experience as a hunter and ranger, never happened before. The hammer of his rifle caught on a twig and the gun was dis-charged. The muzzle being forward and pointed directly toward Humility, the bullet grazed the animal's side and clipped off the tip of his

Startled by this rough usage, such as he had never received of his master before, the dog to judge the loss of the enemy. urned and fled, yelping at every bound.

The Indian was brought to an abrupt halt by the report of the gun, and turning, he ran is eyes over the woods behind him. He could see nothing: however, his savage curiosity was aroused, and he started back along his trail to ake some investigations.

Dakota Dan saw his movements, and at once tepped aside into a cluster of bushes to await his approach. A smile of grim satisfaction and determination mounted the face of the old man, as he watched the savage creeping nearer and nearer with every faculty on the alert.

'I'm goin' to give him a tussel," Dan mused. with a decisive nod of the head; "I've found but few red-skins in my time that could handle me; but I'm growin' old, and I want to see whether my physical powers are failin', as I've thought they war of late.'

The old man breathed heavily as he made this mental concession. He glanced back over the past and at a life that had been so busy; then as he glanced at his form, that had been so admired for robust health, physical strength and wonderful celerity, and compared it with the past, a vague horror crept over him like a chill. He realized that youth and all its energies were gone, and that an old man's grave "Kit, how does it come that you are here alive?" asked one who had seen him fall in the he dreaded to acknowledge the same to himself,

long lien yet upon life, he secretly resolved to test the matter by engaging the savage in a hand-to-hand encounter. The idea seemed to amuse him, for a smile overspread his face. was ready for the conflict.

The Indian moved along, growing less cautious as he advanced. He seemed under the impression that his presence was unknown to

He carried a rifle, a tomahawk and a knife; and in size and physical development was Dan's superior. These facts became more apparent as the warrior approached, and the old ranger finally grew doubtful of his ability to cope with the red enemy. Before he had much time, however, to ponder over the matter, the red-skin was passing him; and, acting upon the impulse of the moment, he sprung out from his covert and seized the foe around the waist from behind.

"Avaunt, purgatorian! succumb!" he yelled at the top of his lungs; "yer in the grasp of

a tornado! The red-skin dropped his rifle, while his form seemed to expand with inward power and fear. He made a lunge forward, and, like a monstrous slipped from the old man's grasp. He lunged forward, however, with such momentum, that he was pitched full length upon the

earth, and partially stunned. With a leap like that of a panther Dan landed upon his back, and drawing the red-skin's knife, threw it aside. The savage soon recovered from his shock, then began a hand-to-hand struggle in which all the strength and skill of the foes were called into play. Dan had no desire to slay the savage out of a natural thirst for Indian blood, but he wanted to vanquis him for reasons already mentioned He had the advantage of the Indian from the start, and he knew it stood him in hand to hold it till the last, for he soon found that the warrior was a

The fight began in the small undergrowth near the edge of the thicket, and as the ground, from this point, sloped gradually toward the plain, the forms of the two foes naturally obeyed the laws of gravitation and in the struggle olled out into the open ground. A few rods from the edge of the motte there was a long, narrow depression in the earth, known in the parlance of the West as a "buffalo-wallow." This was filled with water, but a casual observer would never have known that such was the case unless he had stumbled into it. As there was no outlet the water was still. Aquatic plants had grown up in it, and spread their "dog-ear leaves over the surface. Then the autumn winds had whirled the dry leaves from the grove and distributed them over the pool more than a foot deep. Thus the plants supported by the water, and the leaves by the plants, formed a layer, or covering, deceptive in its character. And right toward this hidden pool Dan and his antagonist rolled.

The old ranger knew nothing of its existence the Indian may have known it, for his inclinations seemed to tend in that direction, with a view of drowning the terrible enemy that clung ike a panther to his back.

Guided by the noise among the undergrowth the rangers hurried toward the scene of con-They were satisfied, by the actions of Humility, the report of the gun, the half-sup-pressed yell they heard, that there were Indians about, and so moved with caution as well

as dispatch. They soon gained a point from where they were enabled to see their old friend in deadly combat with the savage. They were then struggling upon the very edge of the "buffalo wallow," which the rangers mistrusted was full of water the moment they saw the depression; they roll into the water, Tom and his friends were about to dash out to his rescue when they saw the tall grass on the opposite side of the pond slightly agitated, then a score of rifles, along which gleamed blazing, savage eyes, ap-What followed the meeting of Dakota Dan peared in sight out of the grass. The weapons and Idaho Tom, under the prairie pirates' wa-gon and elsewhere, has been fully recorded up seeing their danger, dodged back under cover of the thicket and threw themselves flat upon grove on the prairie, and at which point we re- the earth. Then unslinging their rifles they prepared for battle, for this seemed inevitable

"I'm afraid our old friend has got himself into trouble!" exclaimed Captain Tom. grass over yonder is full of Ingins, who will cover their friend engaged with Dan. At the ame time, however, we can do likewise by the old ranger. So, boys, look out for a target

The rangers kept a sharp watch upon the opposite side of the pond, as well as upon the vo struggling foes.

Suddenly a cry burst involuntarily from

Dakota Dan and his adversary had rolled nto the pond, locked in each other's deadly em-A vell burst from the savage's lips, and was

swered by his friends on the opposite shore. Dan uttered a yell of defiance, and was an wered by a prolonged shout of encouragement rom his young friends.

The savages poured a volley of shot across the pond into the thicket where the rangers lay. But they fired too high, while the smoke from their own guns told the whites where to direct their aim; and as their rifles rung out, the tufted heads of three or four savages were seen to pop up at different points, while yells of agony old how fatal had been the rangers' volley.

Several volleys were now exchanged in rapid accession, and while our friends escaped unnarmed, they had no way or means by which

Considerable agitation, however, was manifested on both sides of the water. The muzzles of the red-skins' rifles were seen moving hither and thither, up and down above the giant grass; while our friends crept hastily to and fro along the margin of the thicket in order o keep the combatants in the water in view. The latter were now changing position so rapidly that it was almost impossible to keep track of them and watch the savages on the oppo-

site shore. At times Dan and his antagonist were both inder the water and leaves, then upon their feet with their heads just visible. Leaves and water flew in a perfect shower around them. The Indian's long hair was drabbled and filled with mud and leaves. His nose was bleeding fearfully from a blow of Dan's fist, for this was the only weapon the old ranger had been able to use against his enemy. Dan was nearly stripped of his clothing. His long hair hung down over his eyes, and clung to his face like seaweed to a rock. Altogether, the two antagonists presented a sad and sorry plight, that under any other circumstances would have provoked their friends to laughter.

Signs of exhaustion were manifested by both and still their movements were so rapid and uncertain that neither one's friends dare risk a shot in his behalf. They had floundered out and as a kind of self-assurance that he had a into the center of the pond where the water

was deepest, and the advantage seemed to rest first with one, then the other. They would grapple with each other, and, sinking beneath the water, would fight until out of breath; then separate, rise to the surface and again close in deadly combat, only to go down again. the struggle had lasted for several minutes, but it was plainly evident that they could not keep it up much longer; and finally they grappled and went down—down for the last time. The layer of leaves closed over the spot where they sunk; a few bubbles came to the surface; the bosom of the pool quivered. A minute—two Already the foes had been minutes passed. under the water beyond the limits of human

A horrible suspense took possession of the rangers, for the fate of Dakota Dan seemed forever sealed; and after fully five minutes had elapsed, and all hopes had vanished from their breasts, Darcy Cooper discovered an agitation of the leaves which covered the pond, that at once arrested their attention. They seemed to swell upward as though something possessed of life was swimming on the surface of the water un-der them; and, whatever it was, was moving

toward the opposite shore.
"Boys, I solemnly believe," said Idaho Tom,
when his attention had been drawn to the movement, "that it is the head of one of the combatants swimming under the leaves. Rither Dan or the savage lives, and aware of the presence of enemies is trying to escape by stealing along in the water with his head concealed under that layer of plants and leaves."

"Then it must be the savage, for he is going toward the opposite shore," said Walton. "S'pose I try a shot at the spot where the leaves are bulging up?"
"No, no; it may be Dan, who, in confusion

of mind, does not know whether he is going to the east or west shore. But, hold your guns in readiness to cover his escape, should it be the ranger; or, to shoot the victor, should it prove to be the savage.

Scarcely had he finished speaking when his worst fears were realized: a savage sprung out of the water and endeavored to escape ashore. But, the unerring rifles of the rangers pealed out; and he fell riddled with bullets. "There, they are both dead," said Idaho

Tom, with a sadness in his tone. "Poor old Dan! he has followed his last trail—fought his Humility, who was squatted near, seemed to have comprehended the young ranger's words, for he thrust his nose upward and sent forth a

CHAPTER XXI

SURROUNDED. A SOLEMN hush fell upon the little band of

sad, plaintive and mournful cry.

The wind whispered in hollow tones among the trees—a frog croaked on the margin of the hidden pool.

Again Humility sent forth a mournful, quavering howl, and was answered by the shrill whinny of old Patience out in the woods. Now and then a savage rifle broke through the stillness and provoked a shot from the

"Boys," said Tom, sadly, "we must get out of this. 'Yes; I can see no need of remaining here

'Bruff! bruff!" barked Humility, softly, and all saw the dog, with lowered head, peeping across the water, through an opening in the undergrowth, while his tail was wagging in an

What does the animal see, anyhow?" asked Tom, bending his own gaze in the same direction as the dog's; "ah! blessed sight! Look!

He pointed toward the opposite shore of the pool, and, close under the grass-lined bank, all saw a human head protruding half above the layer of leaves, with the face turned toward them. A long finger was held up before it, significant of silence: it was the face of Dako-

A shout rose to the lips of the rangers, but Idaho Tom promptly supp

'Silence is golden, now, boys," he said: "one word significant of triumph might call the attention of the savages to the escape of our friend, and result in his death. See! the old dare-devil is creeping along under the overhanging fringe of grass, right into danger. I dared to venture out, or call to him, I might apprise him of his proximity to the savages over there."

As if in answer to the question uppermost in their minds, old Dan stopped again, pointed ahead, held up a small jack-knife, made a cir ling sweep around his head, then resumed his

silent advance along under the bank and grass. The rangers scarcely breathed, so deep were their suspense and surprise over the provoking recklessness of the old borderman. Instead of improving the opportunity first offered for escape, he was rashly courting greater dangers. It is true, he was screened from the savage eyes on his side of the pool, but there was no telling what instant a shot from some other di-

rection would end his eventful career. He crept softly along close against the bank until further progress was disputed by the body of his late foe, which was hanging half over the bank, his head in the water. old ranger clutched the warrior by the scalplock, described a circle around his head with

the other hand quicker than a flash.

Then it was that the rangers saw what he had been after—the scalp of his enemy! But now, how was he to get away with it, without exposing himself to the guns of the enemy? This was the question that the rangers could not determine; but even while they were discussing it, they saw the man, who had crept on a few rods, disappear in a kind of cove or bay in the end of the pool.

Scarcely three minutes from that time, Dakota Dan made his appearance in the midst of his friends—the sorriest and most doleful-looking specimen of humanity the rangers had ever Even Humility himself shied off, either in doubt as to who the man was, or else through fear that his master would repeat the cruel treatment of a few minutes previous when he lost a portion of his ear.

"Ha! ha! ha! Humility, old dorg!" the ran ger laughed, "don't you know me, purp? I are Dan Rackback, a part and passel of the Trian-Whit, Humility; I thought you'd not go back on me, ole purp. Boys, wa'n't that a reg-

ler frog-fight?" 'On a large scale—yes," answered Tom 'but we'd given you up as dead.'

"I'd 'a' been dead afore this, but I managed

to slip away from the red-skin while under the

He war a monsterous strong Ingin, and then he war in the very dinner-time of life while the supper tea-pot with me's beginning to bile. I are a leetle shaky in the limbs, and my wind's not as strong as it used to was. I can't git up as lively a hurricane as I did once. Age is tellin' on me, and I tackled that red-skin on purpose to test my age in a physical sense You can't alers judge one's age by his years. I think I'm good fur quite a spell yit, so fur as nateral consequences are concerned; but then.

boys, I'm feelin' monsterous soggy in these 'ere duds what's left on me, and I must look arter a change, if it's only to take these off and go naked.

"We can furnish you a dry suit, Dan, from among our scanty wardrobes," said Idaho Tom.
"I'm sure I'll be much obleeged to you for em, capt'in; for I feel mortal oneasy in these ere damp rags.

Tom and Dan hastened to camp, the others remaining behind to watch the movements of

the savages. In a few minutes they returned, Dan trigged out in a suit made up from the rangers' war robes. He had also recovered his rifle and accouterments where he had dropped them when

he engaged the savage, and now he stood ready

for any emergency. There was no way by which our friends ould estimate the enemy's force, consequently they knew not what danger menaced them. They knew, however, that the foe was not mounted, and while the way was open for escape, Dakota Dan advised an immediate departure from the grove, as there was no telling what trap the savages might spring upon them. So, hurrying back to camp, the rangers saddled their horses and rode westward out of the grove. As soon as they had reached the open lain, they turned north, and putting spur gal-

Nothing more was seen of the enemy, and they rode on until they struck the banks of the Big Cheyenne river, when they halted to noon -resuming their journey after an hour's stop. "I'm thinkin' we ort to strike Major Loomis' camp, afore long," Dan said, as the day wore on. "It may be that the red devils have scared

oped away, leaving grove and savages behind.

im out, and he's turned back.' "It's rather singular that the troops hereaways can't keep those renegade Indians on their reservation," said Idaho Tom, "so that the lives of unprotected and unsuspecting people

will be safe. "Wal, now, cap'n." replied Dan, "just turn it around and wonder why the troops can't keep reckless miners out of the Hills. It's six

of one and half a dozen of t'other.' "Yes, if we accept of it in that light; the miners, however, do not molest them when they intrude on Indian ground; but the Indians have to kill and murder when they get out from

'You can't much blame the ignorant, bloody oogers when we take into consideration the fact that white men-outlaws and robbers-are

at the head of all deviltry. "That's true, Dan," admitted Tom; "we've had some experience of late with Prairie Paul's band; in fact, we had a big fight with a pack of them. One of their number, one Kit Bandy, deserted the band and came away with us as far as the Powder river, and there we lost him in fording the stream. He was a queer man, and I regret very much that he was lost. I don't know whether he was drowned, or captured, or deserted us. At any rate, I hope we will meet with him again some day, for I took

quite a liking to him. "Tom, why are you so interested in Kit Bandy?" asked Darcy Cooper. "I noticed you took more than usual interest in him. Have you ever known him before?"

"Darcy, Kit Bandy holds within his breast that which may be more to me than all the

wealth of the Black Hills." The rangers were surprised by this answer, and Darcy would have questioned him further, but at this juncture Dan spoke.

"Some gal at the bottom of it," he said, jist like as any way. But, boys, speakin' of a gal reminds me of the one that got away from us last night. I can hardly decide which is my nonest duty-to go on till I find Loomis, or turn back and search for that girl, be she dead

or alive. "Dan," said Tom, "my conscience has been upbraiding me all day for leaving that prairie without knowing something definite about that maiden; and I am ready this minute to turn

back-"Rein up! rein up!-somethin' wrong with the dog!" exclaimed Dan. "What is it, Hu-

The dog glided along through the grass with his nose to the earth as if following a trail; but he only went a short way and then came bounding back uneasily.

'Somethin's not right—Humility's struck a They were still in the Big Chevenne bottom and about a mile from the stream. Half a nile to their left rose a range of tall bluffs, that continued on around in a curve to the river in front of them. The grass around was a species

of slough-grass closely allied to swamp reeds. It was thick, almost, as it could stand, and in night, reached to the back of the tallest horse. The place was an admirable one for an ambuscade; and more than once during their conversation, Dan had observed the fact.

Dan dismounted to inquire more closely into his dog's uneasiness. He searched the ground closely, and to his surprise, discovered the imprint of hoofed feet in the soil. Before he could communicate the fact to his friends, nowever, the clear, sharp twang of a horn came

leaping down from the northern bluffs. The rangers started as though a torpedo had burst in their midst. They glanced across toward the bluff on their right, where they beheld a number of mounted Indians drawn up in a group, looking toward them. Idaho Tom took a small field-glass from among his effects,

and scanned the party.
"By heavens!" he exclaimed, when he had looked a moment, "there are a number of white men among those savages; and the most conspicuous of all is the notorious Prairie Paul,

the Pirate of the Gold Hills!" "You don't say?" exclaimed Dan, startled by the announcement. "What in thunder does the varmints mean, I'd like to know? Surely he don't take us for friends, and's blowin' his bazzoo to call us over thar? Hear the fool!" Another blast from the outlaw's horn rung. in quavering intonations, down the valley. Then all along the summit of the bluffs, to the right and in front, between the rangers and the river, and in the rear of them—cutting off two of their pack animals that had been let loose to

continuous circle of mounted savages who had hitherto been concealed in the tall grass! A yell that shook the very air escaped their lips, as they appeared in view; and it was followed by peal after peal of the outlaw's horn, that seemed rife with mockery and derision. And, not to be outdone, Idaho Tom caught up the bugle at his side, and placing it to his lips,

follow with their burdens-rose a perfect and

hurled back blast after blast of defiance "Boys," said old Dan, "thar's a big fight on hand, with the odds strong against us. committed a grave blunder lettin' ourselves run into this trap; but it's no use to lament. Some of us will doubtless fall dead afore we git out of this; but let all dismount, and we will prepare to do our best - fight and die as only

brave and desperate men can. "So be it," responded the rangers, and, dismounting, each man looked to his weapons, and

made ready for the coming ordeal. (To be continued—commenced in No. 324.)



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What We Take Some of You For.

NO. II. What do we take you for-you men? promised to tell you, did I not? Oh, yes; and I must redeem my promise. Oh, no! not any trouble, thank you. Indeed, it gives me unfounded satisfaction to impart the information and assure you that we take you for contemptible puppies—a great deal less than gentlemen! But, we are not speaking of all men, if you

We should feel ashamed, indeed, were we for the smallest mentionable portion of time compelled to contemplate the horrible possibility of any of our friends belonging to this class though no pity for them, nor commiseration of self that we know such, should induce us to withhold our views. And again, there are many true men in the world who, mayhap, may cry, in contempt, that we know little of masculine character if we deem that there are enough of these creatures we stigmatize, to render so scathing a denunciation necessary. But to such critics we would answer that their opinion only increases our admiration of themselves—the honorable exceptions to the class we denounce—and increases our disgust toward those less than gentlemen, who-begging to differ with our friends who, themselves full of the innate knightliness of real manhood, cannot understand that half the world is either of less gentle breeding, or has turned traitor to the gallantry that should be an inborn part of its nature—make up quite too large a portion of

the masculine element of society For, many youths and men there are, with handsome faces and manners like a chapter in etiquette, who yet are too far below the standard of gentlemanliness to know the meaning of reverence, or chivalry, or honor. And

shall know how we regard them, we take for all, and more than is expressed by the epithet with which we have already described them.

We are too harsh in our terms? Well, all womanhood, all manhood, yes, even you grace-ess male beings who see yourselves reflected in "what we take them for," shall be our judge. We do not fear the verdict concerning the verity of our characterization.

We have assured you that rarely will young ladies betray the tender and serious sentiments of their gentlemen friends. Unhappy young ladvism that it is far less able to assure i self that persons paying it court, persons desirous of claiming the title of gentlemen, are not in the least incapable of repeating its loving con-

Julie is witching, merry, warm-hearted. Mason is fine in physique, handsome in face, pleasing in manners. He pays most lover-like attentions to Julie, and it is easy to see how sincerely the maiden cares for him.

It is not hard for a girl to learn to look with trusting affection and tender love upon a handsome and devoted suitor. Of course, it is the some and devoted suitor. Of course, it is the correct thing, theoretically, for her to be wholly innocent of any feeling but that which might animate a well-chiseled bust in marble until he duly and in quite the orthodox way, says, "Julie, I love you Will you be my wife?" But, equally, "of course" the heart of a young, warm-hearted girl is not mechanically and correctly governed by theories, and the probability is that she is quite conscious of love for him before he announces his "intenof love for him before he announces his "inten

Mason does all that he can to win Julie's love, and, no doubt, succeeds. He may mean to marry her. He affirms that he does, though this engagement is not yet announced. He calls her his pet his darling

his sweet Julie his baby. And who does not know that all this sounds intensely sweet to Julie? And who cannot guess that is reward, Julie bestows gentle kisses, and lingers fondly near him, and has no need to be en treated to "Call me pet names, darling"? And altogether, as you contemplate these lovers your heart warms toward them. And though you may say, "silly things," you yet feel that this is the sweetest, tenderest experience that will come to their lives—these buds of love blossoms garnered with the dew of early youth upon them, and wish the season might last nger for these two than it ever does for

But, how all the romance and illusion van ishes for you—how swiftly Julie's sweet love would turn to the rage and bitterness of out-raged faith and tenderness—could she hear what we hear—when Mason pictures eloquent ly his own words and ways of wooing, and thrillingly describes Julie's clinging, caressing affection, for the edification of his male friend -creatures utterly lacking in fine feelings, or even gentlemanly culture, or they would hold the name of woman in at least reverence enough to remember that it is synonymous with mother, and sister, and sweetheart, and punish the man who could so dishonor himself and outrage the girl who loved him, as to mak the holiest affections of her heart a matter for description and jest.

You do not believe that such men exist? Why, you must have come straight from-heaven. Mason is a real person. The young heaven. Mason is a real person. The young men who laugh with him over Julie's gentle confidences are real persons. And there are plenty of them in the world-men who lack the highest element of manliness, that hold a wo man's honor and confidence and love as sacred as religion, as costly as life, as high as heaven—young fellows who shamelessly glory in boasting of the kisses they have been granted, the loves they have won, the number of female acquaintances they can count, and take pleasure in repeating every item of conversation that ever a woman wastes upon them.

We only wish that those young men, so interested in combining mathematics and kisses, could read this article and be assured of what we take them for!

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER

HARDSHIPS.

How hard it must seem to return from some oreign land, where you have been toiling day and night, always looking forward to the time when your steps will be turned homeward, and find, upon landing on the shores that have been in your thoughts hourly, no hand to grasp your own in friendship, no voice to give you a ome, to know you are in "your own, your na tive land," and yet all seem strangers to you.

Many pass you by without a look of recogni tion, and those who do pause for a moment hurry on, engrossed in business, until you wake to the consciousness that no one cares whether you have returned or not, because no one has missed you.

Inanimate things seem changed as well; the alleys and lanes in which you played in youth have passed from remembrance now, and you see the extent of the city's growth. The mag nificent buildings may be far handsomer, but they are not so beautiful to your eyes as the oldtime hedges and brambles were. These changes will no doubt bring tears to your eyes for oftentimes these old landmarks appear like old friends, and we mourn for them because they are no more. They seem as though they were taken from our lives and as though our lives had been a part of them. Changes are not always improvements to us; we would more gladly see the old road covered with fallen leaves than paved with marble stones.

The wealth we have tried hard to reap seems seless to us when we find no loved one to share it with us, and we know that those for whom we have been toiling so long and earnestly have passed away from this life of care and toil, and that the grass has long grown green over their graves. All the visions that have visited your sleep, with their bright and brilliant scenes of visiting the home of your halcyon days, of being clasped in the arms of those near and dear to you, have vanished, and you wake to the stern reality that you are for-

Forgotten! Ah. me! What a hard word that is to repeat! One of the saddest that can be found, embodying so much of sorrow and heartsickness. The merriest have wept at it

and it has brought grief to the happiest mind. When we find, upon our return, that we are forgotten, we feel that it would have been beter never to have come back—to have died far, far away in other lands, than to have come home and found no kindred spirit to care whether we live or die. That is being homesick in your own home. Its realization is hard to bear, hard to endure, and though we may make new friends, form new ties, and gain a circle of new acquaintances, they will not seem like the old ones in the old times, and our actions will show

it. We may not mean to treat the new ones less cordially than the old, but we really do do so, and it is because our hearts grieve more over the dead friends we have lost than rejoice over the new ones that we have found.

such men, we repeat, since we have said they mood, and that I've either had a reproof to my pears.

egotism or been blighted in my love. Neither of those direful calamities has overtaken me, but sometimes it is as well for us to show ou sympathies for those who do have real hard-ships and not to make light of their troubles, and it is just here that I must let my pen say for me what I've been wanting it to do ever since I put it to the paper, and that is this: I think we lock up our hearts too much against the strangers who touch our shores and dwell among us. We do not enter into their feelings enough. We have no kindly words for the wanderers who come back to us. We pass them by with closed eyes and hearts. We are too much engrossed in self to give thought to others. We laugh at those who are homesick, r who pine because their places have been sup plied by others, and sneer at those who go into estasies over the words, "my fatherland," sweet in an exile's ear, so sad in an exile's mouth.

Come out of yourselves, my good friends live less like mummies and more like human beings; welcome the wanderer and the exile, and make their hard lots lighter. You co so if you will, and why will you not? Is it because you have no hearts? If your hearts seem frozen because one has treated you ill, let them thaw with the warm love for others who have created you well. If we will all do this, the list of hardships in this world will rapidly de-EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers. Concerning Love.

LOVE is one of the most cultivated of the fine

A man who is good at manufacturing love sn't fit for a great deal of anything else. It seizes upon the heart with a pair of ice looks, and is very likely to hold on till sun-

Love don't amount to very much unless there is a woman in the case; it don't balance. No love is considered by delicately-organ

ized young men to be the very worst kind of Soft hearts and soft heads most predomi nate in the early spring months. As the poet

"In the spring a young man's fancy
Lightly takes to thoughts of—Nancy!"

It is about as easy a thing to be in love as
t is to be in debt, and about as sure. Love is not of earth, but I have known a quarter-section of land to have a good deal to

o with it, notwithstanding. It is often a very heavy piece of baggage to earry around in your pocket.

When a persistent lover asks for a return of his love and gets it, along with his letters, he eels more than satisfied.

Love causes a great many sighs; the larger the love the larger the size. When a young man gets into love it is very difficult for him to get into anything else, and

as an employment it is said not to pay. I have failed to see yet that accumulated pelf ever had a deteriorating influence on love. One of the most straining things on the erves is to love two young ladies at once and

keep an even average. It has frequently come to my notice that ove very often ends in marriage—and with

Love is the juggernaut before which men rostrate themselves to be run over and crush d, and it often sets men to thinking whether

they shall take to the jug-or-not.

The course of true love where it has got to run over the old man with a shot-gun never loes run smooth. When a man is sick with love the only thing

that will cure it he will find is marriage; that is dead-shot. It is two hearts with but a single thought and afterward two fists that beat Love is an article of commerce, and a young

nan is never satisfied until he can trade his off for another, and he uses all the tricks of the

have seen cases where it made one person think good deal more of another.

It is more like a disease than anything I can think of, and like the measles is very catching. they would have given a good deal for an anti-

there is very little of it in the market.

When you give your love to a young lady, and, to keep it circulating, she gives hers to another, about how much does your heart weigh on a pair of hay-scales? Vows of love generally take in all the terri-

tory between here and death, whether they occupy it or not.

When young ladies receive their lovers who have pocketfuls of love and confectionery, they

are not to be blamed if they think it is a swee thing, speaking candied-ly.

Fishing for love is a good deal like fishing

or codfish; when they win it they hang it up Love at short sight is not apt to turn out the

est by a long sight. Cupid is represented as a small boy, which is the reason that love makes even old folks as foolish as little children.

When you see a couple leaning over the gate at night you can rest assured that love is sitting on the fence somewhere in the neighbor good, with his fingers gyrating at his nose.

True love is always deserving of good for tune, and a good fortune is what it is princi-

Love is a pretty wide pit to fall into, and a roung man who stumbles and falls into it is serving of much pit-y.

Love is said to be about the only antidote for good victuals known. When a young man is pining away for love he ought to get out of the pinery. Yours in love,

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN,

THE FLOWER OF HESPERUS.—The most un ecountable flower is perhaps the night-bloom ng jasmine. You see a simple tree-like plant with a plain style of leaf, at the base of which grows a spray of yellowish green tubes, like lilac buds, suggesting more than anything else a string of small candles. You look at them in the middle of the day, and they are "only that and nothing more;" and you might, if you did not know their ways, forget all about them; but when evening comes, forgetting is impossible. The room is full of fragrance, rich as orange flowers, and almost as subtle as violets; and lo! your candles are all lighted; and from somewhere about them comes that perfume which is so delicious and mysterious as to its source. The next morning, they begin to contract; by noon, the five points are all close packed, and there is no scent to them or about them at all till night comes on again; and so they continue, scentless through daylight, but Perhaps you'll think I am in a sentimental of exquisite sweetness when darkness ap-

Topics of the Time.

—Sixteen hundred young women in Cleveland are pledged not to associate with men of tippling habits. Other cities have large numbers of women who have made the same vow. Good girls—if they only will stick to their pledge! But, oh, so many marry men to reform them, only to find too late their terrible mistake. Marry no marry however reforming. ry no man who wants reforming.

—In France, particularly in all the large cities, the women in nearly all classes take particular pains with their hands, so much so that they go regularly to what is called a manicure—that is a person who makes the care of hands a specialty. In this country our women are more concerned about their feet than their hands. They wear a No. 3 boot on a No. 5 foot, and then when they walk like pigeons on jee they call it "fashion walk like pigeons on ice they call it "fashion

—The great brewers and distillers of Ireland are very liberal, especially where church edifices are concerned. The late Sir B. Guinness led off with £150,000 for St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin; Mr. Roe, a distiller, followed with the restoration of the other Protestant cathedral in Dublin; and now in Cork Mr. Wise, a distiller, has given £20,000, and Mr. Crawford, a brewer. £10,000, to restore the Protestant cathedral in £10,000, to restore the Protestant cathedral in that diocese. Having done, in life, all that was possible, for the devil and his interesting work they make atonement by giving the church

-Malleable iron is made by decarbonizing cast ings. The castings are exposed to a high and prolonged heat in a special furnace, and in inti-mate contact with per-oxide of iron, the best form of which is found to be forge scale. The chemical reaction which follows is a combustion of the exponent in the iron with the exponent chemical reaction which follows is a combustion of the carbon in the iron with the oxygen of the scale. It is therefore important that the liberated oxygen be well confined and free from atmosphericair. Cast iron cylinders, with clay luted joints, are employed for packing the castings in alternate layers with the scale, and the whole is kept at a high heat for about a week. They are then allowed to cool slowly, and taken out malleable iron. Cast steel is made by melting in covered crucibles pieces of blistered steel. The metal is then poured into iron moulds, and when cool the ingot is reheated and reduced to a bar by rolling or hammering. a bar by rolling or hammering.

—At the Centennial Exposition, a curiou-work of art is exhibited, consisting of an arch itectural plan of the City of Mexico, measuring 330 feet by 231. The reproduction of the peculiarities of the city, even to the color of the houses, the signs on business houses, and the number of doors, windows, and balco-uies on each street, is said to be exceedingly minute and faithful. Sixty thousand miniature men and women in various costumes and nearly men and women in various costumes, and nearly four thousand coaches and other vehicles ar shown in the streets, as well as such buildings as the cathedral, the principal churches, the mint, the national library, etc.

mint, the national library, etc.

—In the beginning of the revolution a variety of flags were displayed in the revolted colonies. The "Union flags" mentioned so frequently were the ordinary English red ensigns bearing the Union Jack. These generally bore some patriotic motto, such as "Liberty," "Liberty and Property," "Liberty and Union," etc. After the battle of Lexington the Connecticut troops displayed on their standards the arms of the colony, with the motto: "Qui Transtulit Sustinet," and later by the act of the Provincial Congress, the regiments were distinguished by the color of later by the act of the Provincial Congress, the regiments were distinguished by the color of their flags—as for the Seventh, blue, or for the Eighth, orange, etc. The early armed ships of New York are said to have displayed a beaver, the device of the seal of New Netherland, on their ensigns. It is uncertain what flags, if any, were used by the Americans at Bunker Hill. The first flag ordered by Congress after the Declaration of Independence was by resolution of June 14th, 1777, "that the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes alternate red and white; that the Union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new consteland white; that the Union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation." This is the first recorded legislative action for the adoption of the national flag. This flag remained unchanged until 1794, when, on motion of Senator Bradley, of Vermont, which State with Kentucky had been admitted into the Union, it was resolved that from and after May 1, 1795, "the flag of the United States be fifteen stripes alternate red and white; that the Union be fifteen stars, white in a blue field." The be fifteen stars, white in a blue field." present flag was designed by Capt. Samue Reid, and has been in use since July 4, 1817.

There is a philosophy in ladies' hats. Perhaps they are not classed as easily as those worn by the men, but the general law is applicable. The the men, but the general law is applicable. of the widow says, "I am free." She is no ger under the law because in the apostle's erpretation of law, he died, else why the wid 's cap? A small hat is an emblem of gayety liberty. She can see with the corners of her eyes, the most effective power in a woman's fight or the mastery of man. A man will shrink lik drenched crow when thus attacked. This lit le hat enables her to survey the whole semi-circle. In the old style she could see but little ither side of her nose. But with the gay French affair hung like a hat on a peg, the forehead al exposed, and eyes at full liberty to describe the whole semi-circle of human vision, she is made union, she is made up for conjugating the verb to see, active and passive voice in all its moods, tenses, and persons. And it is better and prettier than the old Leg horn style that ties round the chin and hangedown the back like a coal-heaver's hat.

—The Declaration of Independence was written by Jefferson, as he himself stated in a letter to Dr. Mease, in his lodging house, at the south west corner of Market and Seventh streets, Philadelphia. The house is still standing, and is oc supled by a tailor, who shows his patriotism by tailing his shop the "Temple of Liberty Clothing Store." The instrument was signed in the east room of the State House, on the lower floor. It appeared in the next day's paper, side by side with the advertisement of a negro child for sale. appeared in the next day's paper, side by side with the advertisement of a negro child for sale but was not officially given to the people until noonday on the 8th of July, when it was read to a large concourse of people in the State House yard by John Nixon, deputed to the task by the Sheriff of Philadelphia, who had received it from the committee. The stage on which the readers tood was a rough wooded platform on the line of the eastern walk about half way between Fifth and Sixth streets. Deborah Logan, who lived in the neighborhood, states that she heard from the garden every word of the instrument read, and thought the voice was Charles Thompson's. Cheers rent the welkin, a feu-de-joie was fired, the chimes of Christ Church rung through all the bright Summer day, and the old bell gave at last to the world the message it had received a quarter of a century before, and proclaimed liberty to all the world. The daily papers—little thin sheets a few inches square—gave us for weeks afterward accounts of the rejoicing and wild enthusiasm of the other provinces as the declaration reached them. In New York city one singular effect produced was that "a general jail delivery of all prisoners took place, in pursuance of the Declaration of Independence by the Honorable Congress."

—The origin of Sankey's now very well known

—The origin of Sankey's now very well known and popular hymn, "Hold the Fort," is stated to have been as follows: During the late civil war, a party of Union soldiers were besieged in a small fortification in the mountains of Tennessee. For many days they had held out, bravely fighting as brave men always fight but at lear see. For many days they had held out, bravely fighting, as brave men always fight, but at last when their supply of provisions had run out, when their ammunition was getting low, and famine and suffering were staring them in the face, they began to lose all hope, and seriously thought of surrendering. Just when their sufferings had reached its hight, and human endurance was well night women the serious the serious the serious that the serious the serious that the serious the serious that the se rance was well-nigh worn out, they saw, on the mountain top beyond, a soldier waving a signal flag. Eagerly they watched the welcome message: "Hold the fort; I am coming.—Sherman." This communication raised their drooping spirits—hunger and fatigue were forgotten—like men they did "hold the fort," and the res

Readers and Contributors.

We can use "Break not the Spell;" "Let us be Friends Again;" "A Hope Realized;" "The Flag's Mission;" "A House of Hate;" "Miss Lotty's Worst Friend;" "A Pretty Host."

Worst Friend; "A Fretty Host."

The following, for several reasons, we must decline: "Falls of Willammette" (postage underpaid);
"Khristy Dixx Documents" (postage underpaid);
"Dying Engineer;" "Over the River;" "Did it
Pay?" "The Mermaid;" "Remember Age."

CONSTANT. Oll Coomes does not write for other
papers than the SATURDAY JOURNAL. The story announced by another paper Oll wrote five years ago.
He wishes it to be so understood.

LH B. Del Norte Col. We have nothing what-

J. H. B., Del Norte, Col. We have nothing what-ver to do with that matter. You should have fol-owed the directions. All who did so, we believe, ave been properly served.

W. R. Y. The Winchester and Ward-Burton (repeaters) rifles are good for 500 yards, but for long range are not comparable with the breech-loaders—Sharp's, Remington, etc., which carry up to 1,200 or 1,500 yards according to strength of charge.

ORION DERONDA. We know of no writer by the name you mention.—Albert W. Aiken is now on the stage.—George Aiken recently died.—Frederick Whittaker is soon to reappear in our columns in a most delightful story, "The Sword Hunters," in which the heroes of "Lance and Lasso" are to reappear. We may, some day, give a series of sketches of our own writers. No paper can boast of so fine a corps of contributors.

Live H. C. Whose when think highly of the "Laws"

matter are wasted.

J. A. D., Hoboken. Never exercise with dumbbells immediately after a hearty meal. A carbuncle is simply an aggravated boil. Draw it to a head as quickly as possible, and then lance it is the only sure treatment. We know of nothing that will take hair off the hands which will not, at the same time, injure the skin.—There are several words of eight syllables in the English language.

JULIE E. A few years ago ladies did make their own light shoes. Each lady had her own "last," and we remember having seen beautiful boots made by the fair wearer. Why women do not now practice the really pretty and proper art of clothing their feet we don't know. Suppose you agitate the question?

OLD DADDY. What is meant by "King Caucus" sthe old-time custom of nominating Presidential andidates in a caucus of members of Congress. efferson's friends introduced the system. He was Jefferson's friends introduced the system. He was such a nominee of the "Republican" members as against the Federal party. Madison was nominated by this same caucus twice, and Monroe twice. This assumption by Congress to dictate the candidate became odious to the people; hence in 1824 a "scrub race" for the Presidency took place. "King Caucus" nominated Crawford; the people ran General Jackson, Henry Clay and John Quincy Adams. "Old Hickory" won, and that was the end of the "king." He will never live again in our political system.

to grow nicely, and will stop its disposition to fall out.

MRS. EDNA S. S. writes: "I am miserably unhappy because of my husband's jealous disposition. I can hardly speak to another man civilly but that my husband has the sulks. I am sure he has not a shadow of cause to be so, for I do nothing imprudent that a woman shouldn't do. What can I do to help matters better? I'll do most anything to put an end to such a state of things." If your husband is possessed of such an unhappy disposition we can only warn you to avoid doing anything which will give him any cause for jealousy. Behave like a wise, true, ladylike woman, and try to chase away his fits of the "sulks" by loving conduct and a suny temper. To be the victim of a jealous disposition is a curse to any mortal, and you should talk to your husband gently about it, and endeavor to help him conquer his evil spirit.

MISS M. W. N. writes: "A young lady friend has

help him conquer his evil spirit.

Miss M. W. N. writes: "A young lady friend has been staying a week with me. Her father was very harsh to her, saying aggravating and cruel things of her. She could not stand it, and so came away. She so dislikes her home that she don't want to return. What would be your advice for her to do?" If you, and others of her friends who are capable judges, think the young lady quite justified in the course she has taken, we would advise her to immediately set about supporting herself. Every healthy and sound-minded young lady should be able to earn an independent livelihood. If she is not fitted to give lessons of any kind, nor has learned a trade, she can become a clerk, a seamstress, or a cook or waitress. Any honest work is better than ok or waitress. Any honest work is better than

gagement than a man? I have gone and made serious changes in my business affairs, in deference to the lady's wishes to whom I have been engaged for a year, and now, without any other excuse than that she doesn't think we will be happy together, she declares the engagement to be at an end. What course can I pursue in the matter?' You can do nothing but submit like a gentleman and a brave one. Perhaps if you maintain utter silence toward the lady for some months, and then give her a chance to renew her former relations with you, she may find that her conduct now is only a whim which will cause bitter repentance. But if she is truly desirous of freeing herself from marriage with you, you should hardly care to compe' a maintainance of relations that would, indeed, result unhappily. Of course, a lady should consider her engagement as binding in honor and law as a gentleman—but few ladies do!

MISS ELIZA A. D. will find our thoughts on the contents of her letter expressed in a Sunshine Paper which will, we hope, prove *sunshine* to herself and many of her sisterhood.

many of her sisterhood.

MRS. H. A. B. writes: "I have a certain gentleman acquaintance who annoys me very much by the frequency and inopportuneness of his visits. He calls again and again at just those morning hours when I desire to attend to my marketing or dress for shopping and visiting. How can I relieve myself of this inconvenience successfully without any unpleasantness of words or manners?" Give orders that you are "not at home" whenever he calls at undesirable hours, only seeing him when he comes at such times as you deem suitable.

WILL ANXIOUS." It is quite admissible for a ge tleman who has business requiring his regular daily tatendance upon it, to send or leave his card in place of a call of ceremony upon the hostess after a private entertainment, unless he is allowed to make

an evening visit.

J. G. C. A cubic foot of pure gold weighs 1,518.74 pounds avoirdupois; a cubic foot of pure silver weighs 556.25 pounds avoirdupois. If there is one per cent, of gold or silver in a ton of ore, it contains 291.62 ounces troy of either of these metals. The average fineness of the Colorado gold is 781 in 1,000, and the natural alloy; gold 781, silver 208, copper 10, total 1,000. The calculations at the mint are made on the basis that forty-three ounces of standard gold, or 900 fine (coin), is worth \$800, and eleven ounces of silver 900 fine (coin), is worth \$12.80.

LITTLE MATTIE G. writes: "I like your paper ever

ounces of silver 900 fine (coin), is worth \$12.80.

LITLE MATTE G. writes: "I like your paper ever so much, for I read it aloud to papa and mamma every evening after the work is done. I am most ten years old. Now I want to ask you just a question. I want to give my mamma abirthday present that will not cost more than a dolar. Will you please tell me what you would think pretty, if it is not too much trouble?" It is no trouble, Mattie. We think of so many pretty things that it is hard to decide which would be the best. You can get a very handsome silver thimble, a book, a cologne bottle, a fan, or a pretty ornament for the mantel. How would you like to get a piece of canvas, some wools and a pattern, and embroider mamma a pincushion, which she would value as your own work, more than anything you could buy? You could have your own photograph taken, and put it in a very pretty frame or case for a dollar. That would be sure to please her.

Daniel R. We know of no cure for the "nose-

be sure to please her.

Daniel R. We know of no cure for the "nose-bleeding propensity," but have seen very violent attacks stopped by a simple remedy. Take a square of white paper, about an inch and a half each way, put it in your mouth, and press it against the roof with your tongue, as hard and as long as you can without breathing. It has been known to succeed when all other remedies have failed.

Mrs. Hannah B. wishes a receipt to "whiten linen that has grown yellow by lying aside a long time." Cut a pound of white soap into a gallon of milk, and put it over the fire in a wash-kettle; when the soap is entirely melted, stir it well, put in the linen and boil it half an hour; take it out. Have ready a lather of white soap and warm water; wash the linen well in this, rinse in clear water, rinse again in a blue water, and dry. It will whiten in drying in the sun. Unanswered questions on hand will appear

NO CARDS.

BY SAMUEL WARD,

Let me wed thee where I woo thee, In this mossy, fairy glade, Where, on shady branches, coo the Ring-doves ere their nest be made.

Do not think my soul would falter To proclaim thy heart my prize; But a crowd before an altar Minds me of a sacrifice,

Where no Dian moved to pity Swift bears off the doomed maid, As when in the Aulic city Calchas dropped his baffled blade.

Let the hermit e'en now telling Soft his beads in yonder hut, Breathe the prayer thy fears dispelling, Tie the knot man shall not cut.

The Men of '76.

JEFFERSON, The Pen of the Revolution.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

IF Washington was the sword of the Revo lution, Jefferson was its pen. His hand drafted the immortal Declaration of Independence, but long before that magnificent protest, plea and proclamation was penned, his busy brain and tireless hand were giving shape and words to the principles of liberty. He was one of the few who by instructing the people on the rights of man, and by showing them the enormity of the powers claimed by crown and parliament brought the public up to that point of resist ance where revolution, with all its peril, necessity. What the Adams' were to Massa chusetts were Henry and Jefferson to Virginia -four great hearts and daring spirits whos eloquence aroused and whose wisdom led their countrymen to the arbitrament of the sword.

The revolutionary era seemed to find heroeredy formed for the strife. If George III. found his court and councils crowded with mer of splendid genius, here, in the very wilds of America, reposed a race so grand in mind and brave of soul that British courtiers and states men applauded and admired even while they condemned. In Virginia were Peyton Randolph, Edmund Pendleton, Richard Henry Lee George Mason, James Madison, Patrick Henry Thomas Jefferson, Edmund Randolph, Benja min Harrison, George Wyeth—to say nothing of Bland, the Nicholas brothers, Page, Nelson Cary and Arthur Lee. In Massachusetts were the Adams', Otis, Gerry, Ames, Cushing, Han-cock, Robert Treat Paine, Bowdoin, Josiah Quincy-a brotherhood such as the world may never see again.

Thomas Jefferson was born at Shadwell, Albemarle county, Virginia, April 2d, 1748, (O. S.)—the third of the eight children of Peter Jefferson and Jane Randolph. Peter was man fit for the heroic age—stalwart, brave, generous and honest; Jane was a woman of refinement, lovable, and most devoted of wives and mothers. Shadwell was in a highly romantic region, on the very borders of settle ments. The boy, therefore, grew up under auspices favorable to bodily development and a sound mental growth. While loving the woods and all athletic sports, he was yet thoughtful, studious and methodic. At four when his father died, he was, in defer ence to his father's expressed wishes, started in a course of classical education under the best of private tutors. At seventeen he went to William and Mary College, at Williamsburg,

Va., and after two years there, took his place as law student in the office of the eminent and excellent George Wyeth. Jefferson, at that early age, probably wa the most learned young man in America. His quick mind and studious habits had accomplished wonders, and when we add that, dur-ing his five years of law study, he continued the main secret of his early ascendancy in pub lic life. At twenty-four he was six feet, two inches in hight, of strong frame, a dashing

rider, a champion in manly games, a beautiful

dancer, a skillful violinist, with reddish-chest

nut hair, hazel-gray eyes, rather square face,

graceful manners, a joyous temper, and an art of conversation exceedingly sweet and winning -altogether a man of note

And yet, with all these adjuncts of popular ity—with the wealth of a splendid property at his disposal, and surrounded by a society that was terribly reckless in its dissipation and excitements, he rarely swerved from his routing "He placed a clock in his bedof daily duty. room," says Randall, "and as soon as he could distinguish its hands, in the gray of the summer morning, he arose and commenced his labors In winter he rose punctually at five. His hour of retiring in the summer, in the country took a gallop on horseback during the day, and at twilight walked to the top of Monticello An hour or two given to the society of his family, and the favorite violin, completed the list of interruptions and still left fourteen or

fifteen hours for study and reading. This was the life at Shadwell. In gay Williamsburg, then the capital, it was equally stu dious but more broken into by sports and so cial routs which were inseparable from society at that time; and, if we may believe John Es ten Cooke, Jefferson was, at times, as gay and

rollicksome as the most festive. It was in 1765 (May 2d) that Patrick Henry introduced to the Virginia House of Burgess his five celebrated resolutions—the last of which declared that the colony was not bound to yield obedience to any law imposing taxes ex cept such as the General Assembly should pass and, in defense of this bold avowal of colonial independence, he made the speech which rendered him immortal. That speech Jefferson heard and indorsed; and from that time he was an ardent and pronounced "man of the people thus arraying against himself many of the aristocratic class (of which he was one by birth and property) who, while believing in colonia rights, were vet loval to the crown and regarded open resistance to the mandates of parliamen

In 1769 Jefferson was sent by his county to the House of Burgesses, of which he remained a member until the assembling of the second Continental Congress (May, 1775.) He was elected a delegate to Congress by the Conven tion in which he had also been a leader of the aggressionists or resistants, and had prepared everal of their most powerful papers. he went to Philadelphia, young as he was in years, with a commanding reputation. wonderful activity and influence in the Hous of Burgesses and the Convention had stamped leadership. His "Summary Views in 1774, which had alarmed George III. and his ministers but had astonished and charmed the leading minds, pointed out its author as the

proper man to pen the Declaration of Independence ordered by the American Congress, af-ter the momentous debate on Richard Henry Lee's resolution of June 5th. Jefferson had been in his seat but a few days when he was placed on the committee to draft the Declaration—composed of Jefferson, John Adams, Franklin, Roger Sherman and Robert R. Liv-

When the committee met Jefferson was re quested to make a draft of the proposed paper. This he did, but submitted his work to Adams and Franklin for their suggestion, prior to laying it formally before the committee. Both Adams and Franklin made verbal changes, which but slightly modified the original, and the great in-strument was then placed in the hands of the committee, and, June 28th, was reported to Congress. Congress (July 1st) then resumed the deferred consideration of the Lee resolution, on which a vote was reached the same day-nine colonies for, two against it (South Carolina and Pennsylvania), one (Delaware) civided and one (New York) not voting in con sequence of the delegates being hampered with "instructions" twelve months old. As unanimity was desired, Rutledge, of South Carolina. moved to postpone further consideration to the next day (July 2d). The matter was then further considered, when South Carolina voted ay, and a new man coming post haste from Delaware changed its vote to ay. drift of the current, and owing to Franklin's great influence, Pennsylvania changed her As New York had been, under the cumstances, excused from voting, this made the rote, by colonies, unanimous.

Then the Declaration reported for the com mittee, by Mr. Jefferson, was called up (July 2d) and considered in Committee of the Whole. A heated debate followed, in which John Adams towered up, as Jefferson said, like a Colossus. His eloquence was transcendent, his energy resistless, his tenacity for no change in the terms of the instrument saved it from timid interpolations; and when the fight was over and the battle won. "Glorious John Adams ad consummated the great work of his life. Many amendments, as was to have been expected, were proposed, but only two of any imortance were carried—that censuring the peo ole of England, and that condemning the slave rade—which South Carolina and Georgia objected to as a blow at their rights and prosperi-

ty. On the evening of July 4th the Declara-tion, as amended, was reported back from the Committee of the Whole and agreed tomember then present signing it, save Dickinson, of Pennsylvania. Two other members from that State withdrew, to prevent being called upon to sign, and one from New Hamp shire, for some reason, was omitted, but was appended later. The New York delegates, acting inder new instructions from the State Conven ion, signed on the 15th, and the three Penn vlvania delegates named were dropped, on the 0th, by the State Convention, and more pa riotic men given their places, so that all dele gates from that State were signers. The copy of the Declaration, made on parchment, and now exhibited in the Department of State, was e-signed by all whose names were appended to the Congressional or Proceedings draft. became of that original draft, with all its sig-

natures, is not now knowr.

Jefferson, we are told, did not participate in the debate over his work. He was not a speaker. He was a most winning and persuasive con versationalist; his talk was beautiful in form of speech; his ideas clear-cut and logically stated; yet he never, in all his life, made a "speech." His power lay in his mind rather than in his tongue. The pen was his tongue; when it spoke the world listened and admired. Old Ben Franklin had no talent for speech, yet what wit and wisdom were in his leonine head

-what power in his pen! The reception of the Declaration by the peole was signally decisive of the temper of the ublic mind. It ran like an electric shock hrough the very fiber of the popular mind. All Philadelphia was deeply and intensely stired over the great events going on in the old State House, with closed doors. The multitude gathered and surged without, and when John the open windows, on the air, the hushed multitude drank in his every word; and when his voice had ceased the spell was followed by an angry roar that re-echoed "Liberty or death! There was little business through the days when the debate was on-little sleep through the nights spent in canvassing the news which sift ed out from members' lips in spite of the seal of secrecy. And when at last the State House pell—the dear old Liberty Bell—beat and clanged overhead, the shout went up, "It is done we are free!" and then the news flew, by expresses, north and south, until, before a week, all the colonies were afire with the ardor of patriotism whose intensity the people themelves never knew until the Declaration of In-

lependence unsealed their lips. Having devoted so much space to Jefferson's arly life, habits, tastes and work, we can but indicate the succeeding labors which were liteally forced upon him by his capacity, his popu-

larity and his devotion to liberty He was returned by the Virginia Convention, to the third Congress, but soon resigned to enter into the work of reconstruction of his native State. He took his seat in the Virginia House of Burgesses Oct. 7th, 1776, and for three years devoted his time, energies and best talent to riving the State new laws, a new constitution and to meeting the severe emergencies of the war. His correspondence with the leading men n and out of Congress was immense. Every where his influence seemed to penetrate, and great as were other Virginians in the extent of their influence, Jefferson was felt to be the peer of them all. In 1779 he was made Governor of the State, and served for two years—a most trying, perilous and exciting service. War on the border with the savages—war on the eaboard and in the settled districts—sedition and disloyalty all around-deep dejection over the prolonged struggle for independence—hunted and chased by the victorious enemyown estate invaded and deserted—badgered by friends and maligned by foes—with exhausted exchequer, depleted resources, and thinned quota in the armies—it indeed needed all his trength of mind and body to steady the State through the storm. Resigning, he retired wholly from the public service—refusing even o act as one of the four plenipotentiaries of the United States to the proposed Peace Congress at Vienna. His wife's delicate health, his own need of repose, and his disgust over his treatment by the Legislature which "investigated" his conduct in office—all impelled him to return to Monticello. There he tarried for many months, and, among other interesting literary work, composed his well-known "Notes on Virginia." His wife died Sept. 6th, 1782. It was a terrible loss to him, for husband and wife

* Richard Henry Lee, the mover of the resolution for independence, was not on the committee. Jefferson received the most votes, evidently because John Adams and other leading resistants deemed him the man for the work—an opinion which Mr. Lee himself doubtless entertained.

had been inexpressibly dear to one another. In November Jefferson was again appointed plenipotentiary to negotiate for the peace Great Britain now solicited. This office he accepted, but, the provisional treaty of peace having been made, he was spared the ocean voyage, and re turned to Monticello. He served in the Con gress of 1783-4, in which he had the pleasure and the honor of reporting to Congress the final treaty, which assured the independence of the United States of America. His labors in Con gress were very important, among which should be mentioned our present decimal system of coinage—of which he was the author. In 1784 he was named a Minister Plenipotentiary to negotiate treaties with foreign nations. In 1785 he succeeded Dr. Franklin as Minister to France and served in that capacity until 1789—through the turbulent scenes of the French Revolution, which his advice certainly did much to develop and direct. He returned in 1789 to take his place in Washington's Cabinet as Secretary of State, and in that capacity organized our State office and determined its policy. His first report on the state of our foreign relations is re garded as one of the ablest papers that ever is-sued from any Cabinet officer. His differences with Hamilton (with whom Washington seemed to side) induced Jefferson to retire from the Cabinet, Dec., 1793. Out of these differences sprung the Republican (since Democratic and Federalist (afterward Whig) parties—Jef ferson being literally the father of the first named. He was vice-President of the United States under Adams, and succeeded to the Pre sidency in 1801, with Aaron Burr for vice-President, to be re-elected in 1805. He retired to Monticello in 1809, and thereafter devoted himself to literary work and to several schemes of public importance, among which was the founding of the University of Virginia, at Charlottes ville, near Monticello. He lived to the good age of eighty-three years, dying in the year 1826, on the Anniversary of our Independence July 4th—the day of all others he would have chosen for his last. On the same day died the more venerable John Adams, and thus two noble Fathers of the Republic drifted off into eternity together.

Without a Heart: WALKING ON THE BRINK

A STORY OF LIFE'S SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

BY COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM. AUTHOR OF "GIVEN FOR GOLD, "THE FLY ING YANKEE," "THE MEXICAN SPY,"
"TRACKED THROUGH LIFE."

> CHAPTER XXVI. FACE TO FACE.

A MONTH rolled by after the night of the masquerade, and still the sad affair was a top-ic of general conversation, excepting at Wild idle, for Eve had seemed to feel so deeply the death of Paul Launcelot, that her friends seldom mentioned his name in her presence.

One evening, as she was seated alone in the arbor on the pier, reading and thinking alternately, she saw a large sail-boat rapidly approaching the shore.

It contained two persons—one deck, the other seated at the helm.

The boat was jib and main-sail-rigged, and with all sail set was coming along at a lively pace, and in watching its progress Eve forgot

It could not be Captain Lambert, for of late he had been cruising almost constantly after smugglers, and had only sailed the day before in the Eaglet, in chase of a suspicious sail that appeared in the offing, and then, as if discovering the cutter, had stood rapidly sea

"Besides," she murmured, "that is not his boat; it is too large and— Ha! it is he! At last he has come!

Another closer glance upon the approaching boat and Eve Erskine saw that she was right- a negro sat at the helm--Clinton Clar endon was pacing the deck, his hands clasped hind his back, his eyes cast down, as though in deep meditation.

A few moments more and the sable helms man skillfully rounded to and brought his boat alongside the pier, upon which Clinton Clarer don skillfully sprung, while he called out:

'Stand off and on, Buck, until I hail you." "Yis, massa, I'll be on hand," replied the elmsman, as his boat glided by without checking its progress, while he at the same time doff ed his tarpaulin to Eve, for he had not forgot ten the liberal fee she had bestowed upon him when he brought her little row-host home

Turning to Eve, Clinton Clarendon raised his "At last I have done myself the pleasure of

accepting your kind invitation to call, Miss Ers-

Eve gazed fixedly upon him, and though bit rness welled up into her breast, and a crue light came into her eyes, she felt that she had never seen a more handsome man, and one, had he been different than he was, more capable of winning a woman's love—and holding it A moment she hesitated ere she replied, and

then asked, quietly, but in a cold tone Why have you not been here before, Claude

'Hold! that is a name that is not pleasant on the lips of Eve Ainslie," quickly said the man, while his face became a shade paler. The name of Eve Ainslie is also buried, a

well as that of Eve Clinton-which, did I so desire, I could claim legally," sneered the wo "Where are your proofs that you have a right to that name?" asked Clinton Clarendon.

while his face became ashen in hue, at the memories that swept over his soul "I ask for no proofs; you and I were legally bound together in the house of God, and as my husband I loved you—until you deserted

'Hold! hear me, Eve-I fled for my life, for I believed that I had killed Mark Leslie; then I had no time for aught else than flight, and when at last I sent for you I found you had

gone, none knew whither Failing to find you, I sought the Far West, and accident made me of service to one who, in dying, left me his fortune, on condition that

"Gladly I did so, for under my own had I been hunted down, with the cry of murderer in my ears, and my father had disinherited me. Sorrowing for you, my dearly loved

"Hold, sir! Breathe not that sacred name to me. To you, as well as to others, my name is Miss Erskine."

and resumed, in a saddened tone: † Jefferson, like Washington, married a widow. He wedded Mrs. Martha Skelton, a daughter of John Wayles. She was a truly admirable woman—well worthy of his proud devotion to her. By her he had six children—two of whom survived to age—Martha and May:

The man seemed more hurt than offended.

came to this quiet country and purchased a turned to consciousness, and glancing wildly small plantation home, and there I have lived, around, cried, in thrilling tones:

"Imagine then my joy, my astonishment, at suddenly finding you, Eve; but your manner, your new name, made me feel that you would emain unknown to me, and I crushed back he cry of delight that had sprung to my lipsfor I felt that in your own good time you would make all known to me.

"And you have awaited weeks to find out," said Eve, in a mock kindly tone, and as though touched by the earnest manner of the man be-

"Important business called me away, Eve, and I was compelled to go-otherwise I should have been here long before this: but to your party I could not come, as I did not care to neet you when surrounded by strangers."

"It would have been all the same, for either alone, or when surrounded by strangers, I will be always to you what I now am—" "And that is, Eve-?"

"Miss Erskine—the daughter of Colonel Erskine, of Wildidle," and the woman spoke with a degree of pride and pleasure which she felt would annoy the man.

Biting his lips, her companion replied: "How is it I find you Miss Erskine, Eve?" "You deserted me, and I had kind friends

who cared for me until I found in Colonel Erskine a father. "The deuce! then it is really true? I re-

member you never knew who was your father. Why, Colonel Erskine is worth his millions, and has but one son 'True, my brother Clarence: both Colonel

Erskine and his son are rich, and well able to protect their daughter and sister," and Eve spoke with a malicious twinkle in her beautiful

"Eve, a husband has a closer claim than either father or brother, especially where they hold their relationship only in name.'

"I acknowledge no right for you to call yourself my husband. You deserted me, and left me to go to my ruin, did I so desire, and I annul any bond that bound us together as man

"Your doing so does not make it so, Eve: you are my wife, and as such I intend to claim

"Hold, Claude Clinton! Let us understand ach other. That we are man and wife, granted: but that it must remain a secret, I avow, for I will not have my plans for the future

"As long as you remain here, I will keep the secret: but if you attempt, as rumor has it, to marry Captain Lambert, I will publish you to the world as my lawfully-wedded wife," and the man spoke in deadly earnest.

"Ha! ha! ha! I defy you, Claude Clinton, for, if you betray me, there shall a vengeance fall upon you of which you little dream.

"I have the power, so beware! Here comes my father; walk with me to meet him, and I wear it, be careful, or you shall know that if I fall, you shall meet a more deadly punish-Father, this is Mr. Clarendon," and with one of her sweetest smiles, and a face up-on which there was not the shadow of trouble, Eve presented her visitor to Colonel Erskine who welcomed him most cordially to Wildidle

CHAPTER XXVII. THE ASSASSIN.

EVE ERSKINE sat alone in her boudoir, attired in a loose wrapper, for she had retired to her room for the night.

Though near midnight, she was unable to leep, for two hours before Clinton Clarendon ad departed, after having remained to spend the evening, at the earnest request of Colonel Erskine, who seemed to like the young man ex-

eedingly. Between Clinton Clarendon and herself no more had passed upon the subject of their conversation upon the pier, and Eve had seen him depart pleasantly, promising to call again up-on his return from the city, twenty leagues

down the coast, and whither he was then bound She had watched his white sail glimmering n the moonlight, until skurrying stormad swept up from the eastward, and then bidling her adopted father good-night, she had re

ired to sleep. Too nervous to sleep, she had thrown on a oose gown, and seated herself at the window outting out the light, and musing alone in the

larkness, for ever and anon the moon was ob scured by clouds, foretelling a storm. Thus the moments swept into hours, and fa-

igue stole over her, until her head drooped upon her hands and she was asleep. Suddenly she started, for there broke on her

ear the sound of music rising on the night air. Collecting her thoughts from wandering in dream-land, Eve listened, and from beneath her window came the low, soft notes of a gui-

ar, evidently touched by a master hand. Then a fine tenor voice floated upon the air. and Eve caught the words:

"And though thou ne'er didst love me, Where'er my spirit wing, Twill hover 'round thy pathway A fond, though viewless thing. "And in that better world, love, In Heaven's celestial clime, Amid seraphic millions My spirit shall seek thine."

It was a ballad that Eve had always loved. and glancing cautiously forth from the window. to catch sight of the midnight serenader. Eve aw, indistinctly, a tall form gracefully leaning gainst the balustrade of the balcony beneath

his hands holding a guitar, his face raised in Then from the shadow of the shrubbery darted a cloaked figure toward the serenader, and, as the words of the last verse were sung:

"Amid seraphic millions My spirit shall seek thine,"

the arm of the cloaked form was raised, gleam of moonlight glittered on something held n the clenched hand, and Eve gave one loud

ery of alarm.

But too late! The blow descended with tellng force; the gleaming blade sunk deep into the back of the singer, who fell heavily to the

"Good God! Quick! oh, quick! He has killed him!" cried Eve, in wild terror, and as the cloaked form turned and fled back into the shadow of the shrubbery, she fell to the

floor in a swoon, almost like death. The wild cry of Eve rung loudly through the house, awaking Colonel Erskine and several servants, who rushed in alarm toward the maiden's room.

Entering it, with a dread at his heart, Colonel Erskine beheld Eve, and raising her from the floor, laid her upon the bed, while he dispatched a messenger for Dr. Mayhew, who reided two miles distant from Wildidle.

Seeing that Eve was in a deep swoon, the colonel, aided by her frightened maid, attempted to restore her to consciousness; but ere she recovered, Dr. Mavhew entered the room.

"Sorrowing for you; a disheartened man, I | With his assistance the maiden slowly re-

"Did you capture the murderer?"
"Poor girl! she has received a fright that has made her delirious," said Colonel Erskine. "No, I am not delirious; I am as sane as

"I saw Burt Lambert struck down by an assassin, beneath my window—quick! or the murderer will escape—oh! father, let him not escape."

Springing from the bed, in spite of resistance, Eve ran to the window and glanced out.

There was visible a dark form lying upon the

Colonel Erskine, Dr. Mayhew, and the servants, all saw now what had given poor Eve such a fright, and quickly descending to the door, they rushed out and raised the form from the ground.

It was Captain Burt Lambert, and he was dead.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ACCUSED AT THE GRAVE.
For the second time a gloom fell upon grand ld Wildidle, and its portals were crossed by

Death's ruthless steps.

Swiftly through the neighborhood flew the news of Burt Lambert's assassination, and many and vague were the theories of its cause.

Then the belief gained ground that, after all, Paul Launcelot had fallen a victim to a hatred felt for the young naval officer, and again were untiring efforts made to capture the bold assas-

Toward poor Eve every heart went forth in sympathy, for it was believed that she was really engaged to the young sea captain, and as he was a general favorite, many were wont to say that it would be a most appropriate al-liance, for young and old, rich and poor, men and women, all loved Eve Erskine.

At the request of Eve, arrangements were made to bury poor Burt in the family buryingground of Wildidle, and accordingly his step-brother, Howard Moulton, assented.

He, poor fellow, seemed most deeply to feel the sudden death of his commander, brother and friend, and on reaching the mansion, entered the room where the body lay, and with nervous step and meditative mood slowly paced to and fro, only pausing now and then in his quarter-deck walk, to address a response to

ome one who spoke to him. "Lieutenant Moulton, are you aware that your brother feared that his life would end in ome such sudden manner as it has?" and Eve stood in front of the sailor, her eyes red from

weeping. "Yes, Burt has often had a presentiment of the death he has met. Miss Erskine, I would give ten years of my life to know who has done

"Can you remember no enemy of his past life—one who may have tracked him to his death?" "None. I know of no enemy that Burt Lam-

Eve asked no more, but left the room to prepare for the funeral, which was to take place that afternoon—the third day since the fatal

night of the assassination. Gradually the halls and parlors of Wildidle were filled with a vast concourse of sorrowing friends, and through the mansion echoed the sound of the minister's voice, reading the ser-

vice of the dead. At length the casket was closed, shutting out forever the sight of the handsome face, white and calm, and the elegant form, clad in full

Then toward the distant burying-ground the olumn moved, the casket borne by the officers f the Eaglet, while behind followed half a hun-

ired of seamen and marines. The grave was reached, yawning to receive ts human prey; a few words followed, a voll of musketry, and the hollow crush of the clods ipon the coffin—a sound never forgotten—was eard, and Captain Burt Lambert, the gallant ommander of the Eaglet, was left to his ever-

asting sleep.

Then, gradually, the crowd departed, leaving Colonel Erskine, Eve, the officers and crew of aglet, and a few remaining

At the head of the grave stood Howard Moulon, sadly gazing upon the newly-made mound; his face pale, his lips sternly set. Then a man approached him, a stout man,

with stern, cunning face, and said: 'Your name is Howard Moulton, is it not, "It is, sir: what would you have?"

"I am very sorry, Lieutenant Moulton; but I must obey orders, sir, and I am commanded to arrest vou.' Arrest me! and why, sir?" and Howard Moulton stepped back, his hand upon his sword-hilt, his eyes flashing fire, while his officers and

men stepped forward, as if to resist an insult to their commander, whom they really liked exceedingly. "If you use force, lieutenant, I am powe ess: but the law is strong, sir, and you will be

taken," sullenly said the officer of the law. "Of what am I accused, sir?" asked Howard Moulton, quietly. The murder of Captain Burt Lam-

"Liar! With that one word hissing through his shut teeth, Howard Moulton sprung upon the constable and hurled him violently to the ground. But then, as if his violent passion had spent

itself, he said, quietly:
"I beg pardon, sir; you are doubtless but in the discharge of your duty—I surrender my-self your prisoner," and he calmly folded his arms upon his broad breast, while Eve stepped

orward and said: 'Surely, sir, there is some mistake-Lieuenant Moulton is the brother of Captain Lam-

It looks unreasonable, Miss; but circumstantial evidence is against this gentleman. If he is innocent of the charge he can soon prove it; if not, I fear it will go hard with him," and the constable brushed the dirt from his clothes, for he had fallen upon the grave just

Then the crew of the Eaglet would have interfered, but their commander waved them

back, with: "Men, I must not resist the law. Lieutenant Harding, I leave you in command of the Eaglet, sir. Return with the men on board.

and send my baggage to the town, for I suppose I will be put in jail there.' Sorrowfully the men touched their hats and walked away, while Howard Moulton, with no sign of emotion in his face, turned to Eve

and said: "Miss Erskine, I thank you, and you, colonel, for your belief that I could do no such crime as the one with which I am charged. One day I hope we will meet again; but now let me thank you for all that you both have done for

my poor dead brother; believe me, I shall ever forget you.
"Officer, I am your prisoner and await

The cool manner of the accused man seemed

to stagger even the constable, who said:

"If you are guilty, sir, you are certainly a wonderful criminal. My buggy is at the gate,

and you will have to accompany me."

With a bow to Colonel Erskine and Eve Howard Moulton held forth his hands, and around his wrists were quickly clasped the iron cuffs, while the blood rushed violently into the handsome face of the prisoner at this dis-

Then the two walked away, Howard Moulton casting one glance upon the grave of Burt Lambert, and Colonel Erskine and Eve were left to return to the mansion, grieving sadly over all that had occurred, but firmly convinced that the accused was innocent.

CHAPTER XXIX.

AN ARRIVAL. WHEN Eve and Colonel Erskine returned from the grave, a joy suddenly welled up in their hearts, a silver lining to their cloud of gloom, for, seated upon the broad piazza, having just arrived, was none other than Clarence

It was a joyous welcome his father and Eve gave him, and they felt that they had a noble heart to share their tale of sorrow

That night Clarence Erskine heard all-all that had transpired in the household of Wildidle since the arrival there of his father and Eve, and instantly he offered to defend Howard Moulton of this charge against him, and at once dispatched a note to the lieutenant in his lonely cell, telling him of his intention, for Clarence at once took the view of his innoc from the standpoint held by the colonel and his adopted sister.

As for Eve, she seemed thoroughly delighted at the arrival of Clarence, and made no secret of her joy, which greatly pleased the old colonel, while the young lawyer's sad, stern face lighted up at her kindness toward him, and after she had retired for the night, he said to his

"I never saw a more beautiful woman, and I believe that her character is as lovely as her

"Indeed it is, my son; for I have watched her closely, and though she is a trifle fond of admiration, and perhaps a little tinged with co-quetry, she certainly is as pure as an angel."

believe you, sir; but now let us discuss fully the sad incidents that have taken place here, and in the morning we will ride over and see this poor Moulton.

"What a grandly beautiful home you have here, father, and how sad that a shadow should thus be cast over its roof."

"It is too bad, Clarence, too bad; but all will yet come out well, and I have set my heart up-on it, that there is one ray of sunshine that must ever remain at Wildidle, even if I have to marry her myself."

Clarence Erskine started; but he made n immediate reply, and shortly after bade his father good-night and retired to his room.

In the morning, after an early breakfast, th father and son drove to the town, where Howard Moulton was confined, and upon their ar rival found that there was an ill-feeling gain ing ground against the prisoner, for it was said that evidence would be forthcoming to hang him,

To these rumors Clarence paid no attention but seeking out the most prominent lawyer in the place, associated himself with him for the trial, which would come off at an early day.

Having gone over the case, as it was told, with his legal associate, the three gentlemen sought the jail, and were promptly admitted. They found Howard Moulton pacing the floor, his face pale, his eyes weary-looking, his

lips sternly compressed Colonel Erskine he welcomed him most kindly, and shook hands with Clarence and his confrere, both of whom he thanked for their kindness in undertaking his case, after which he added:

"I am but a poor seaman, gentlemen, and a lieutenant's pay will go but a little way toward defraying your-"Hold! Lieutenant Moulton! In my mind

you are falsely accused, and as the friend of my father and sister I defend you.

"I am rich and need no payment, and my friend here, Mr. Willis, has done me the honor to say that his reward is in being associated with me in this case, and, as he is also a man of wealth, he can enjoy the honor without detriment to his purse.

"Sincerely do I thank you, gentlemen, and I feel that you will have your own reward.
"It is not enough that I should sorrow deeply for poor Burt, but my grief must be accursed by an accusation of assassination—to think of it, that I should be suspected of killing

a man whom I have ever loved most dearly After a long conversation together the visi-tors departed, Colonel Erskine and Clarence returning once more to Wildidle. (To be continued—commenced in No. 323)

LET US BE FRIENDS AGAIN.

BY "TRIX."

Let us be friends again—forever, Let us be lovers as of old; Banish the clouds that o'er us hover, And the doubts our hearts unfold.

Let me touch the hand so tender, Let me hold it as of yore, Till I dream the bright dreams over, That have long since gone before.

Let me kiss those lips so fondly, That for me shall smile no more, May the wheels of time roll backward, That I may live those hours o'er.

Say again the words you whispered On one starry summer night, Which brought me love, and joy, and glad-

And I thought the world so bright! But your heart grew cold and hardened, And you drove me from your side; Then for me the world seemed darkened, And my joy and gladness died.

Back once more to life, I summon, The rare love that wandered away; Back once more my heart of woman Bids him come and ever stay.

The Cross of Carlyon:

THE LADY OF LOCHWOOD. A Romance of Baltimore.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.

CHAPTER XVII. CATCHING A CLUE.

THE action of Preston Arly, in the office of the detective, appeared strange enough. Stranger, the shrewd Gerard Vance—or, properly, Jerome Harrison-attributed the same purely to the irritable disposition of his visitor. and failed to guess that the quick and severe interruption of the young clerk's speech was be cause the old gentleman had instantly conceived that he might know something of the abduction, which something he was about to communicate.

Jack who had wound up a pleasant little spree in the station-house on the night previous,

Through his still slightly-muddled brain flashed a recollection of what he had seen, at dawn, on Shakspeare street. Taught, by contact with alert men in the secret service, to seize upon the smallest occurrence of an unusual character as a clue to desirable information, he had at once ispicioned that the hack, the three men, the inanimate form, and the peculiar movements of all, related, possibly, to the very business upon which Preston Arly was now calling.

Could Jack Stoner have known that information of the abductors was, in reality, the last thing Arly wanted, he could have saved his teeth in a whole condition.

"Meddlesome pirate, you!" snapped Arly, leveling and shaking a skinny forefinger at the dancing, hopping clerk, "that's a lesson for you. The next time you have something to say, wait until you are addressed." Then to the detective: "Now, my dear Mr. Vance, what am I to do? My niece is gone—devil knows where. She did not go willingly, I vow -oh, no! Ah! but she loved me very dearly I am miserable, you see. I ache the last with a half-jump at Jack Stoner, who just then slapped on his hat and started out for the nearest apothecary.

At the same instant the party who had been dispatched to deliver the note on St. Paul St. put his head in at the office door. He showed the letter, winked, frowned and vanished.

No need, however, of such a sign, which plainly said: "Not there."

Jerome was well aware of the failure of his He sat silent and meditative, hardmessenger. y noticing the squirming anatomy on the chair before him. His thoughts were plunged in a maze of pain and fear for the person of Christabel.

"When could this have happened, Mr.

"Lord knows-not I, forsooth! But, to a certainty, shortly after our little party dis-"And she would not have left your house of

her own accord?" "Eh? Ridiculous! Why, sir"-with wriggle-"she was queen of the mansion. Ah! and he drew forth his copious handkerchief, not to wipe eyes dimmed by grief, but to blow his pointed nose like a tin trumpet on a holi-

'And you can give me no clue whatever?" None-absolutely none

"Then it is a waste of time for me to ask any nore questions.

we only had a picture of her, now," suggested Arly.
Picture! How worthless would be such a thing, when the image was impressed where

time nor battle could not erase it 'Leave the case with me, Mr. Arly," he said omposedly. "If she is in the city, I will find er." And he added, mentally: "Yes, I will find her if she is anywhere in the wide world

I gave up the chase before because I thought ner dead. Now, that I know she lives, all earth shall turn to bring her forth." Old Arly thought: 'Find her, eh? I wonder if he will?—egad

wonder if he won't? He's sly as a rat, wily as a snake. Thunders! the fellow makes me feel squeamish. Mark the look in his eyes, when he said he'd 'find her'—they're full of the devil. I must caution Wynne to be very care ful, indeed. Zounds! I don't want any trouble about this thing.

A moment of silence. Then Jerome:
"I am too busy, at present, Mr. Arly, to converse further on the subject. Set your nind at rest, at least, until you hear from

'All right, sir; I'm off, then. But, I say, don't keep me long in suspense-eh? Good-

He leaped from his chair and was gone Jerome sat alone, rigid as a statue, his eyes ourning and his gaze bent vacantly on the mat-

Christabel lost, abducted!—and not one clue o guide? To a man in his situation—when his the counterpart of the woman he worshiped years ago—the prospect was, indeed, cloudy and gonizing. He had so much to talk of, to re-'Christabel," he murmured, scarce audibly

is it true that I have found you, only to lose you, when my soul had seemed to spring into nother life of sweet anticipations?" "Hello, Vance! what'd he want?"

"Ah! Will Hays; you're the very man I His musings were interrupted by the entrance

of the party who had ended the fruitless mission to St. Paul street. 'What's up?" he asked.

"Find Albert Arly—you know him?" Well enough.' "Shadow him until I advise you further."

"Whew! What are you going to do with him

"I shall carry him to London pretty soon. Haste, now.

Jerome walked out as others of the firm came into the office. His steps turned toward Baltimore street; with head slightly bowed, he

passed the moving multitude like one in a dream. A piece of fate it surely was that prompted

him to "shadow" Albert Arly immediately up on communication of the news of Christabel's

It has appeared that Gerard Vance, detective, was acting under instructions from a London firm which held some charge against the junior Arly: and little did the former dream that, in springing surveillance upon that personage, in ance with other plans, he was netting one of the only three who knew where his loved one

"It cannot be." he thought, "that Christabel has been frightened by my words at the ta-ble last night, and fled, herself, for safety. If so, she would have advised me of her course and whereabouts.

As he argued, he conjectured.

"If that villainous pair are implicated in her disappearance—and they are none too good, considering their hate and avarice-it soon come to light, for Will Hays is a man who understands his business and will notice everything

A hand fell upon his shoulder. Behind the hand was the face of Jack Stoner, his lips crossed with plaster and the snag of a

broken tooth protruding above a swollen bruise. "Mr. Vance," he articulated, with diffi-Ah, Stoner! I had forgotten you. That

was a sorry blow you got."

He could not avoid smiling at the woeful appearance of the young man's face. 'Never mind about that," said Stoner, with "I'll have it on him yet, if i jerky nod. I'm not greatly mistaken. He knew well

enough, I guess, what I was on the point of saying. 'Stoner-" Jerome recalled, now, what the other was saying when the book was hurled by tance between them.

This clerk was Jack Stoner—the identical the spiteful hand of Preston Arly. "Stoner, you remarked, when you got that broken tooth, that you thought you could give me some in formation concerning the abduction.

"I'll answer, after first telling you that I believe old Arly knows more about the matter than he professes. It was because he didn't want me to speak that he closed my mouth." 'It never struck me," said Jerome, thought-

fully 'But it did me."

"Your perception, here, is quicker than mine. My mind was far away from Preston Arly, when he announced the nature of his But, please explain what you know.

"Ay, that's just it," nodding significantly.
"I was intoxicated last night, and roaming around the Broadway market. It must have been about dawn when I saw a cab whirl up to the curb, the door of a house opened, three got out of the cab, and two of these carried an insensible form.

Jerome's eyes brightened. Could this be a

Man or woman, Stoner?" quickly. "That the two men carried? Unfortunately was too drunk to discriminate.

Well, Stoner?"-speaking rapidly, "what

"Nor can I recollect anything more," re plied Stoner, grimacing, "for I was marched off by a policeman about that time." And where did you see this?"

"On Shakspeare street." Ah!"

"Now, Mr. Vance, we might take a look thereabouts. But, will you please bear in mind the opinion of mine, that, whatever we dis-cover, it will not be best to report to Preston

Jerome was of the same frame of mind, but owing to reasons differing widely from Stoner's though none the less cogent.
"If we could find that hackman, now

would you know him, Stoner?"

"Nary." They were passing the corner of Fayette and Calvert streets, and from among the numerous hack drivers that infest the vicinity of Bar num's-all of whom knew Vance and his call -one accosted them with:

Have a hack, Mr. Vance ?" "No. Stop-yes. I want one, but not now. 'Yes, sir. A good team mine is, sir."

"I'll want you to-night. "'Most night now, sir," bending his body in a sort of respectful bow, as he uttered the re-

"After supper, I mean. Drive over to the office about eight o'clock."

At eight o'clock, punctually, the hack was at the office of the detective. As Jerome Harrison, accompanied by Stoner

was about to step into the vehicle, a man confronted them as if let out suddenly from the bowels of the earth. Will Hays.

Will, is it you? What of Albert Arly?" "I had to knock off to get some supper. in 'charge,' though. An hour ago he was in a house on Shakspeare street."

"Corner of Broadway and Canton avenue directed Jerome, leaping hurriedly inside the hack.

As they moved off the driver was wondering

"An' here's some more of that 'ere Shaks peare street. I'd give a dime of ducats to know what's a-goin' on. It looked to me, other night, as if somebody was carried off An' now't looks like the detec's was a-goin' for em, 'cause I heard that feller say somethin about Shakspeare street. That 'ere Wilford Wynne is a deep 'un, you bet, an' I wouldn't trust him roun' a cast-iron figger, if it was a

purty one. For this driver was the one called Felix who was frequently in the employ of Wynne and Felix it was who had driven Christabel out to the desert of gloom at Lochwood, the night of her arrival in Baltimore

CHAPTER XVIII.

A ROSE IN RAGS. "CHRISTABEL !-wake-open your eyes and

The voice of Wilford Wynne filled the apartment like a knell.

Christabel, now nearly recovered from the effects of the drug which had placed her at the mercy of her enemies, started nervously as the unpleasant voice sounded in her ears.

Then she felt that a hand was bathing her forehead with cologne, and under a horrible fear which worked like electricity on her nerves her eyes flew wide open upon her strange sur-

Wynne stood over her, gently cooling her brow, his white teeth showing, as he smiled

and gazed hungrily into the lovely face. The next minute she was upon her feet, in the center of the room. One glance at the apartment, at her scant and uncouth garments and then a look at Wilford Wynne—a look of wonderment, dismay and incredulity.

Christabel, you seem surprised. "Am I dreaming?" she broke forth, waking from the spell of stupefaction.

'Oh, no," answered Wynne, coolly return ing her stare, and resting easily, with one hand on the head of the lounge. "You are wide on the head of the lounge. "You are wide awake, fair Christabel, and alone with the man

Could she believe her hearing! Indignation and righteous anger were swelling in her bosom; but the lips were ice, and voice even as a torrid calm.

'Mr. Wynne, what means this farce? How

did I get here?'
"It is a drama of our own, in which you the heroine, are abducted and given into the power of one who will be your slave if you wish, your tyrant if you choose. To be brief I fell desperately in love with you, last even ing. I perceived that it would be useless to woo you by fair process, so I carried you off. You are now in one of my private apartments where none can hear you if you cry out, nor obey if they should hear.

An original lover, truly. "Not so original, for the same has been done, at times, since the world began. Chris-

tabel, be reasonable— Your familiarity is amusing," and she laughed low and sarcastically. You will give me credit for my boldness?

"Bold in one sense; cowardly withal." "Be reasonable. You are completely in my power. Will you wed me, and be restored to the world? Remember, I offer honorable marriage. If you persist in obstinacy, then you may consider this your prison as long as I live

to guard and persecute you. We have said that Wilford Wynne was handsome man. Not so always, for now, as he vented the threat, he looked and postured the devil incarnate with commingled passions.

He took a few steps toward her, but paused as she crossed and placed even a greater dis-

Christabel was not insensible to the insult she had suffered. What woman could be? Nor did she fail to comprehend the utter helplessness of her situation, and the fact that an indignant storm could not possibly alter her present prospects.

Hers was not a spirit wrought to quail before the brazen front of villainy in the shape of man. Her predicament called for strategy. The first thing to be obtained was privacy. Alone,

she might devise means for escape 'Mr Wynne," she said, calmly, "you have mistaken your captive. For the present you will please leave me to myself.

Haughty and cool. She nettled him. "To oblige you—any thing. When I step in again you will be more composed, and ready to converse upon your future-our fu ture

'I am as composed, now, as I ever shall be, retorted Christabel, quickly, "and sufficiently mistress of my tongue to prevent my conversing further with you-wretch!" and with the last, she turned her back toward him, with an expression of countenance full of loathing. "Complimentary, indeed," half sneered ynne. "But, mark this: I am your master Wynne. "But, mark tms: 1 am you here. Make me a kind one if you will - dread here. "

She did not deign reply. Without saying more, he withdrew, much to her relief. His demeanor of self-control had lasted its length. Hardly had he closed the door and shot the bolts into their sockets, when he hissed forth a volume of fury, the conclusion of which

"Haughty girl!" burst from his lips, "I'll tame you, if need be, like the keeper tames refractory cubs - with lash and hunger-but what you shall bend to my will!"

Then he paused. A different look crossed his face, and his glowering eyes turned upon a figure that just entered the hall door, pausing timidly on the sill.

The figure of a girl, scantily clad. But it was a picture, as she stood there—two lustrous prown eyes gazing, steady and yearning, at Wilford Wynne. A soft blush mantled the cheeks beneath the eyes; the lips of coral were A soft blush mantled the slightly parted, as if their owner was about to

A girl of scarce more than sixteen years,

beautiful and in rags. One moment thus, the two gazing each at the other, and the picture, and weird silence which surrounded it, were broken by Wynne. 'Rosalie! you here again? What do you

"Oh, Will! Will!" she cried, running forward—but stopped, as his hands gestured her

Well?" he inquired, icily. "Oh! Will! don't treat me so any longer.

You loved me once— "Bah!" he interrupted. "I have listened to those words until I am sick. Sing another ditty. Did I not tell you that, if you would quit haunting me, I would give you money money to live? I tell you, you are worse than a nightmare. What do you expect to gain by

"To win back, if I can, the love that you whispered to me from the time I was old enough to understand, until a year ago-until a few months after our marriage.

Nonsense "You've told me, yourself, that I was no much more than a year old when I fell into your hands. And you were but a boy of fif-I had no friends in the wide world, but You became my king, my idol. Oh! you have treated me, Will! I've tried how you have treated me, to hate you, but I can't--my heart is so weak; and after all, I hope, yes, hope that you'll come back, after all. Why, why did you marry me You were kind to me when I was only a friendless child that had been thrown into your keep-

You persist in talking of our marriage. Be done. Go away. You bother me."
"You are my lawful husband, Will—"

"A lie! Prove it." "Ah, I cannot! You have destroyed a wo

Wynne laughed, sardonically. "You'll drive me mad!" pursued the girl.
People round the market are already calling crazy thing. Look at me: am I not a

pitiable object?" Don't I give you money? "Barely enough for food. Yet, I take it, because I have a right to. I can't work, for I want to watch you. You can't run away from

'Run away from you?" he snarled seizing her rudely by the arm, his eyes aflame. you determined to drive me to a frenzy, in

which I may do you an injury?" "Yes, kill me, Will; kill me. If you would only strike me dead! Better one sure blow, than all this torture. Kill me. You'd have no

wife to bother you then."
"Wife! Devils! Girl, I tell you again, for the hundredth time, you are not my wife. "Oh, yes, but I am, Will! Ha! ha! ha! and the brown eyes, streaming with tears turned upward to the raging face, and her tremulous voice uttered the words with a hysteric laugh. "Yes, I am your wife, Will you know, well enough, when you wedded Rosalie Merle!"

'Rosalie Merle!" echoed a voice through the room. Wilford Wynne started as if struck. Wheelng, with almost the expectation of seeing some one standing behind him, his sweeping glance detected a shining eye at the keyhole of the

middle door Christabel must have heard.

of the room echo the truth of what I speak. "Rosalie, leave me," said Wynne, in a sub "Here-take this, and buy some dued tone. clothes," sliding a crisp bank-note into her hand, and turning from her as he did so. 'Oh, Will! it's your love I want, more than

"No!" emphatically. "There, now - be She passed slowly from the room. Her face was pale, now, and tears stained the cheeks that had glowed with a struggling hope when

back?

she entered And plain it was, this was not the first visit Wynne had received from Rosalie Merle. How strange are the contrasts of infatuation and resentment predominant in the female

heart? For a few minutes, Wilford Wynne seemed rather uneasy. He walked backward and forward several times. Then he laughed, care-

"Pshaw! what if she did hear? But, I must rid myself of Rosalie Merle. "Rosalie Merle!" echoed through the room

And again, with a quick, keen glance, did Wilford Wynne observe the shining eye at the Yes, she heard all. I must act accord-

It was full daylight outside. But Wynne was only just then beginning to think of repose; and locking the hall door securely, he

threw himself on the bed. The hum of business outside, nor the concience within, did not trouble him as he slept. Both rooms—that of captor and captive—were still as death. But Christabel was far from sleeping.

CHAPTER XIX

A PASSING FACE THE hack containing the detective and his young friend, Jack Stoner, drew up, with a whirl and a jerk, at the corner of Broadway and Canton avenue. Jerome and Stoner alighted, and, bidding

the driver await them there, moved off in the direction of Shakspeare street. On Saturday night, Broadway Market pre-

ents an appearance worthy of remembrance in the memorandum book of visitors to the Monu-A tall edifice of brick, generally known as

Broadway Institute, facing, and in the center of Baltimore's broadest thoroughfare—backing almost on the Locust Point and Canton ferry wharf—and its two tall sides bordered by ways leading around, ultimately, to notorious Thames street. At the north front, the track of the P. W. & B. R. R. And the passing trains, with resounding bells, carving, as it were, a road through a throng of thousands; and the myriad lights, flaring and glaring, and the Bedlam of voices howling and shouting, all was the shaking of a forefinger toward the rear stamp the scene, for a distance of three squares from the harbor—a harbor lively with the flash and twinkle of numberless ship-lanterns, and vessels of spectral outline-with a wild, weird

ntillating excitement. But it was not now Saturday night. The market and its spaces looked dismally drear, with a flickering gas-jet here and there, scarce serving to dispel the lonesome feeling of the dark night air.

Our two had almost reached the lamp at corner of Aliceann street, when a swiftly-darting figure crossed their path, disappearing as suddenly as it had passed before them.

A pale face had turned for a second toward

them, a face that was pretty, indeed; a pair of

ustrous eyes gave one glance that seemed like flitting sparks in the semi-gloom. "Stoner!" exclaimed Jerome, as his gaze strained to follow the receding figure, "did you see that figure?"

"Oh, yes; I saw it. Don't you know who that is? No. Who?" "Why, 'most everybody knows her, Mr. Vance. It's crazy Rose."

"Crazy Rose?" repeated the detective, inquiringly.
"Yes. She was once a rather fine girl, I judge, but—"
"Well?" put Vance. "And how came she

o?—all in rags, both miserable and beautiful to contemplate. You know something of her?"
"It's the same old tale," replied Stoner, looking off toward where she was last seen. same story from quivering lips, as the bundle of rags goes fleeting by. How often have you heard it, Mr. Vance?—that indefinite recital of trials that have thorned upon a young life; come when youth was eager in its vigors, and

planting desolation in a breast once strong with Jack Stoner grew pathetic. The man from an opposite peanut stand drew nigh, and Jerome listened to his young friend—for some thing in that passing face, though only seen for a second, had roused a train of mysterious thoughts in the detective's brain, thoughts rife with queer conjecture. Something in the face, an unmistakable likeness, had struck him deep

Stoner pursued, with admirable elecution "The tale, Mr. Vance?—I need not venture to explain. But did you mark her restless eves, see the frail form start at sight of us? All in rags—alone and in a great city; a strange object of scorn for jeerers to amuse their inhuman fancies with. It is a woman A weak, helpless one, shuddering at the pitiless hird toss iless whirlwind of the world's cold charityits once gay plumage gone, its wings burned in the fire of heart-eating sorrow. Let us think, Perhaps not very long ago, she sat with loved ones round the evening lamp, a favorite child in a home of plenty. Father, mother, sisters, brothers, all gathered at her side, and there a picture of happiness painted by a holy wand. Perhaps those dear companions of the past are leeping far away, their beds the silent recess of the grave. Or, maybe-and the thought is cruel—this lonely wanderer is an exile from the sacred circle of the fireside, an outcast from the loves of those who did not watch her as they

Jack Stoner was so full of his subject, Jerome engrossed partly with his thoughts and the other's speech, and the peanut-man so absorbed in open-mouthed attention, that neither of the three observed two men who hurried past at that instant.

Wilford Wynne!

And these two men were Preston Arly and

Jack Stoner continued: Something lurks in the unsolved corner of that strange, strange thing—a woman's heart -which only wakens when the magic of wooer's presence lights the subtle flame of its reation: that something an affection without a limit. Had she loved, then? Was it an injudicious passion that had wrought her present condition at last? Who shall tell? Ask her, and the answer is a sob—no more. Walk the streets by day or by night, and such forms are christabel must have heard.
The belief of belief of the first belief of the shown is falling, for the belief of the shown is falling, and the keen night winds howl their frosty glees, there on the deserted corner you will encounter the shivering form—a thing that only calls forth a laugh from the midnight reveler. Next looms the pauper's grave. Some cold morning—so cold that even they whose bodies all else in the world. Won't you take me are muffled in thick woolens would not venture out if avoidable-the agued policeman will pause short as he discovers a frozen figure on the high steps of one of our modern palaces. His eyes will dim unbidden, a sad tear, perchance, will trickle down his cheek—the only tear let fall for the dead one-and he will mut

"'Poor thing! Poor thing! she died of

cold! "Died of cold!-in the reach of warmth, with no hand to raise her, no voice to soothe her, this unknown waif, trampled, neglected, now frigid herself as the white snow spraying

The young man had quite forgotten both their surrounding and their mission in the neighbor-

"Come, Stoner, we are losing time," inter-

"I beg pardon, Mr. Vance. Yes, let's hurry up and I'll show you the house.' As they started on, Jerome asked:

'Have you no intimate knowledge whatever of this girl, Stoner?"

"Well, yes," said the young fellow, with a

the lips of a lot of corner loungers, and as I walked a short distance with her. I wormed a little information from her. And then, I'm not the only one familiar with the rumor that she was once the companion of Wilford Wynne, a most notorious gambler."

'Ah!" ejaculated Jerome, "his wife, likely, and thus cast aside to perish. He is a villain well known. What did you say her name was

"They call her 'crazy Rose.' But she told me that her name was Rosalie Merle." "Merle?-Merle?" muttered Jerome; and to himself: "This is strange. I recall, now, that

the diary mentioned an infant daughter of Meggy Merle, which was stolen on the same day that she brought little Christabel to Loch But the diary gave no name. I must look into this."

"Now, Mr. Vance," broke in Stoner, "if you'll just cast your eyes over your left shoulder, you'll see the house where the cab stopped last night-or else I've completely lost my

The next moment Jerome was thumping against the panel of the door. His summor was promptly answered by Mrs. Boggles.
"Madam, see this," said the detective, turn

ing back the lapel of his coat, and exhibiting a silver star. "I suppose you comprehend, by that, what I am. So do not trifle. I seek the young woman who was brought here last night.

Bless yer innocence!" bubbled the hag "there was a gal here, but she's cleared out long ago this mornin'."
"I fear you lie. I am going to search the

"Good luck to ye, then," doggedly. "Will you lead?-or shall I take the lamp and rout about myself?"

Mrs. Boggles led. The two rooms up-stairs, and every nook and cranny, came under their search. Nothing was found to increase their suspicions or to alter

their mutual convictions 'You've got a scrupulous boarder here, in this outlandish place," grunted Jack Stoner, as

they were descending the stairs.

"I have that same," returned Mrs. Boggles, with a proud grin. "It's Mr. Wilford Wynne. as is a gintlemun an' a skolur, sure, an' a stujent.

Stoner and the detective exchanged quick glances. Thought the first:

"If our surmises are correct, then Lord help the young lady we're searching for. A more heartless and passionate man than he neve

drew breath. And thought Jerome: "Stoner was right. I see it all now. Ay Preston Arly does know more of this than he would wish me to suspect. Oh, Christabel! where am I to look for you? Wilford Wynne—accursed wretch!—if she is in your power, then my account with you shall be deep when

it is settled." They left the house after a fruitless ransack Jerome's heart was tortured twofold by the idea of Christabel being in the hands of such a captor-a libertine, adventurer and gambler - for that Wynne was implicated, some powerful monitor, risen from his great love, made it appear a settled fact.

A surprise awaited them at the corner of Broadway and Canton avenue. "Hello!" exclaimed Jack Stoner, "that fellow has gone back on us."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 321.)

THE WILD BEE.

I come at morn, when dewdrops bright Are twinkling on the grasses, And woo the balmy breeze in flight That o'er the heather passes.

I swarm with many lithesome wings That join me, through my ramble In seeking for the honeyed things Of heat and hawthorn bramble.

And languidly amidst the sedge, When noontide is most stilly, I loll beside the water's edge, And climb into the lily.

I fly throughout the clover crops Before the evening closes, Or swoon amid the amber drops That swell the pink moss-roses.

At times I take a longer route, In cooling autumn weather, And gently murmur roundabout The purple-tinted heather.

To Poesy I am a friend; I go with Fancy linking, And all my airy knowledge lend, To aid him in his thinking.

Deem not these little eyes are dim To every sense of duty; We owe a certain debt to him Who clad this earth in beauty.

And therefore I am never sad, A burden homeward bringing; But help to make the summer glad In my ewn way of singing.

When idlers seek my honeyed wine, In wantonness to drink it, I sparkle from the columbine Like some forbidden trinket;

But never sting a friend-not one-

It is a sweet delusion,
That I may look at children run,
And smile at their confusion.

If I were man, with all his tact
And power of foreseeing,
I would not do a single act
To hurt a human being. And thus my little life is fixed,

Till tranquilly it closes, For wisely have I chosen 'twixt The thorns and the roses.

The Masked Miner:

THE IRON-MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER. A TALE OF PITTSBURG.

BY DR. WM. MASON TURNER, AUTHOR OF "UNDER BAIL," "SILKEN CORD.

CHAPTER XXXI.

GATHERING THE HARVEST.

But Fairleigh Somerville quickly recovered from the shock. He sprung to his feet, struck a match and lit the gas. The brilliant light a match and lit the gas. showed his face distorted by fear and passion he was foaming at the mouth, and his eyes were bloodshot and staring. He paused not a moment, but hastily slipped on his clothes, and thrusting a revolver in his pocket, hurried from

He took his way noiselessly down-stairs, and snatching an overcoat fr m the hat-rack, hastened to the front door, unlocked it softly and peered forth. He started back, and half reentered the house, as he saw dimly in the gloom, two tall, brawny figures, indistinct and grotesque, walking rapidly away.
"By heavens!" he muttered. "Fate tells

me to follow! and I'll obey. I am entrapped! shutters were closed, and the cheap, though I am ruined! And yet, two lucky shots may—" lasting, chintz curtains were dropped to the The rest of his sentence was lost, as he hasti-floor. All was quiet in the room, though the ly turned, closed the door softly, and left the clock on the mantel was somewhat obtrusive

then hanging close behind those who were ahead of him, he stole onward.

About an hour before day, that same night, the door of old Ben's cabin was suddenly open ed, and the light streamed out. In the reflect tion, standing in the do rway, was the tall form of Felix Morton, the stranger, and just behind him was the brawny figure of old Ben. A bright glow of triumph shone on the faces

of the two men. Be sure to meet me in my rooms at the hour appointed, to-morrow evening," said Mr. Morton, loud and unguardedly. "The plan is arranged. I will write the letter in the morning, and I have no doubt of a favorable re sponse. I long to tell the old man the good ews in store for him. Poor Grace may yet be nappy—if Tom Worth should indeed ever comback! But now, good-night."

"Good-night," said Ben, "and God bless you, mv—Mr. Morton!"

But the old man did not at once retire; he stood gazing vacantly in the darkness, after the form of the elegant stranger, who had already disappeared. Then with a low whistle and an jaculation of satisfaction, the miner re-enterd his cabin and closed the door.

Scarcely had he gone, when slowly from th deep shadow of the house near the little window, a form slowly emerged. The form slowstraightened up.

It was that of a man. He paused for a moment and listened keenly. Then he trod quietaway, until he was out of ear-shot of the cabin. Then he quickened his pace.

"Furies and fiends!" he muttered, hoarsely, 'am I dreaming? Are all the devils in tormen eagued against me? Would to God I could everhaul him; but I am too late! Yet-yetone more effort—one more desperate plunge for revenge, and then I'll be gone from these re-And now for Launce and Teddy. I'll se them for the last time, and then they-'

The remainder of his words were lost, as he strode on. As he entered upon the Smithfield treet bridge, the light shone in his face.

The rays revealed the haggard features of e with whom the reader is acquainted. But then the man passed on toward the dark.

eping city. About ten o'clock the next morning, a letter was handed in at Mr. Harley's abode, in Alghany City. The old man received the letter nimself from the hands of the messenger who prought it. He glanced at the superscription, and then tore open the envelope.

The letter was brief, reading thus: The letter was brief, reading thus:

"My Dear Sir—A week ago I had the honor of placing in your hands a letter with which I had been intrusted. At that time I could not make it convenient to stop over a half-hour with you. Being still, however, in Pittsburgh, and having some time at my disposal, I take the liberty of writing to you and telling you I will do myself the pleasure of calling upon you this evening, at eight o'clock exactly, at which time I hope it may not inconvenience you to receive me. I will, moreover, be able to tell you something of him who sent the letter. Please answer by the bearer. Respectfully, etc.,

"Fellx Morton."

"P. S.—I have a little business matter to transact with you, and suggest that you have a friend or so present. Your daughter—I understand you have one—may not object to being a witness to the mat

Mr. Harley read this letter twice, and then calling Grace, showed it to her. The maiden's cheeks paled and then reddened as she read the clear, bold lines.

"I am glad the gentleman is coming, papa, she said; "for his visit may make you more cheerful. And then—oh, God! the news of him, now so rich!" and Grace turned softly into the parlor.

'And, my daughter, you shall see this stranger, too; he requests that you should be present," said the old man, kindly.

"If you wish it, papa," was the gentle re-

It was night again. Felix Morton walked up and down the limits of his splendidly-furnished apartment. There was on his face a well-marked, triumphant look; yet mingled with it was a foreboding anxiety. He had just placed in his pocket a brief letter, which, since its reception that day,

he had read over and over again. "Confound it!" he muttered, "has he for-The hour is late, the time approaching, and he must assist me! Everything else

has worked so well!" He paused and glanced at his watch. "Only three-quarters of an hour more, and I wouldn't be a minute behind time for— Ha!

As he spoke, a decided ring sounded on the bell. In a moment or so, after respectfully rapping, old Ben entered the apartment. You are late, Ben—Mr. Walford," said the stranger, vexatiously; "but I am glad you are You must help me in this matter, you here.

"I had not forgotten, sir; I was coming, of course; and I have business—serious business, with you, my—Mr. Morton." And the old miner's face was as solemn as were his words.

Mr. Morton started. "Serious business? Well, quick with it. We have no time to lose."

Exactly, sir. Well, Mr. Morton, I have just had a visitor at my cabin. The man, Launce, you know, a good fellow and a true comrade, was there; and what do you think he came for? Why, sir, he-" and old Ben sunk

his voice to a whisper. A deep, angry scowl spread over the handsome white-whiskered face of Mr. Morton, as

he heard Ben's news.
"This is serious! The scoundrel is desperate.
But it is all so ordered! We must be wary and He paused for a moment, as if pondering;

but raising his head quickly, he said: "Hurry around, Mr. Walford, to the police station, and ask the lieutenant for two men. That will do. Tell him enough, but not too much, you know. We can attend to the rest!"

He smiled grimly, as he felt the muscles swelling under his coat-sleeve, and as he glanced at the brawny right arm of old Ben, the

"Hurry, Mr. Walford, and come back at once. I must be dressed for this, my first visit -well and worthily dressed."

The old man, without answering, hurried When he returned, which was certainaway. in ten minutes, Felix Morton, Esq., held in his hands - not loathingly, but tenderly-a queer-looking bundle.

Fifteen minutes from that time two men left the door of the elegant residence on Penn street, and entered a carriage—that of Felix Morton, the aristocrat—standing at the door.

One of these men certainly was old Ben, in his best attire, too; and the other—well, owing to the glaring of the street-lamp just then, a good look at him could not be obtained. The little parlor of Richard Harley's humble

house, on Cedar avenue, was lighted brilliantly—that is, to the extent of two burners. The

short laugh; "I once saved her from insult at house. In a moment he was in the street, and with its ominous clicking. The hands of that clock pointed to five minutes to eight.

Gathered in the room, nervous, sedate, anxious and expectant, was a small group. Old Dr. Breeze, the ancient and tried friend of the family, was there, calm, dignified and imperturbable; also, Mr. Harley, restless and excit-

The most conspicuous figure in the group however, was Grace Harley. She was clad in pure white, making a wonderful contrast to her accustomary sable attire. A single white rose nestled in her lustrous hair, and her hands -somewhat tremulous - were leaning on a

"'Tis late, and he comes not," muttered Mr. Harley, vexatiously. "Can he, too, be playing with me? He—"

"Hush, hush, father!" interrupted the daugh-"I am sure the gentleman will come At that moment a furious ring at the bell

startled all. In a moment a letter was flung into the passage by one who hurried away. Mr. Harley, who had gone out to answer the bell, picked up the letter and returned to the parlor. As he drew near the light he cast his eyes over the superscription. It was his name, and the handwriting was strange.

The old man nervously tore open the letter, and glanced hurriedly over it. All eyes were upon him as he walked unsteadily back into the oom, letting the letter fall negligently from his hand. The old man, however, had read evry word!

The crumpled sheet fluttered down at the feet of old Dr. Breeze. The physician stooped, picked it up and read it. Then, he quietly and without any show of emotion, save a grim smile, placed the letter in his pocket. The letter ran thus:

"Mr. Harley-You no doubt think you are making a fine acquaintance in this Mr. Felix Morton! Be on your guard; he comes with evil intent! He so one k-own to you as an evil-toer in the past! But those will be here who will unmask him! He will ttempt to abduct your daughter! Be wise. "One who Knows"

"Oh, father! speak-what-what is this?" exclaimed the maiden, springing to the side of her parent, who was leaning against the wall

'Alas! alas! my daughter-we are indeed friendless. This smooth-tongued man is a deceiver—a vil—" At that moment the heavy rattle of carriage-wheels was heard. Then the noise ceased

just by the door. The bell sounded, and, with-out waiting for the summons to be answered, the door was opened. Just then the clock struck eight.

Ere its reverberations had ceased, the parlor door swung back, and a strange sight burst upon the vision of the startled group There-brawny, iron-armed and independent -came old Ben Walford, clad in holiday at

tire—a broad, genial smile of greeting and satisfaction mantling his face. And there—good heavens!—leaning on the old man's shoulder—erect, athletic, muscular, proud and defiant—was Tom Worth, the min-

With one wild, shuddering cry of agonizing joy, Grace Harley, forgetful of all maidenly reserve, forgetful of everything, sprung for ward and flung her white arms around the neck of the humbly, coarsely-clad miner. And Tom Worth, in a loud voice, cried in his old familiar tones

"God be thanked! she's true as steel!" and ne bowed his head, with its curling auburn locks, until his long yellow beard fell in masses over the maiden's shining hair. A moment of silence, painful and awkward;

and then, before any one could speak, the street door was burst open with a crash, and three nen-one, his face concealed behind a long black beard, his person by a large, ungainly overcoat—sprung into the room.

"There he is—come to light at last! Now on him, my men—we'll see if two can't play at certain games!" and the speaker darted for-

Quickly placing the fainting girl in the arms of the old physician, who eagerly clasped his charge, Tom Worth turned like a lion at bay. Old Ben Walford, stern, and terrible to look

upon, was in an instant by his side. Hold! Stand where you are, or advance at your peril!" exclaimed the young miner, in a deep, fearful voice of warning, at the same "Another step, and I'll time drawing a pistol. spatter your brains on these walls! Now—now—the time has come when villainy shall be exposed! I have long prayed for this occasion, and yet I would have spared you! Now-for you have courted your exposure—I will strip your face of its false covering, and declare you the treacherous scoundrel that you are, FAIR-LEIGH SOMERVILLE!

As the young man spoke, he sprung forward

with the bound of a tiger.

The two men met in deadly combat; but he who opposed Tom Worth was, before the young miner's brawn and muscle, a very man of straw. In an instant the false beard was torn from his face, and the long overcoat stripped from his form, revealing none less, indeed, than Fairleigh Somerville, the millionaire.

One of the man's companions spring forward to the rescue; but, quick as lightning, old Ben, the miner, was upon him. It was but one pon-derous blow, and then another, and the fellow went down like a puppet. Springing upon his prostrate foe, old Ben clutched him by the

The other—the man we have known a Launce-stirred not: but on his lips was a smile of satisfaction, and of a triumph he had long

looked forward to. 'Now, Fairleigh Somerville!" exclaimed Tom Worth, after a pause in this thrilling scene, "your day comes! I gave you a chance and you have repaid my generosity by attempting this dastardly outrage. Nay, move a muscle, and, right or wrong, I'll shoot you

through the heart!" As he spoke, he placed a call to his lips, and blew a long, shrill whistle. Before the thrilling of the pipe had ceased, the door was open ed, and two stalwart policemen entered with drawn revolvers.

"'Tis over, sergeant; you'll have no trouble, said the young miner, quietly. "Now, Fair-leigh Somerville," he continued, amid a complete silence, turning to the unmasked villain again, "I charge you with the abduction, over two years ago, of Miss Harley. I knew your designs at the time; yet I would have given you the benefit of all doubt, for I would, above all things, see justice done! You planned that abduction; these poor men, who by some misfortune fell into your power, were your tools, and executed your plans. From a marked re-semblance between myself and that man there. who has at last turned into the right path," and he pointed to Launce, "I was arrested. Hence Markley's evidence. The rascally plan was well arranged. Now, look for yourselves!" and as he spoke he placed himself by the side of

There was immediately a loud exclamation of surprise from all; the resemblance was wonderfully striking.

miner, "that justice, full and final, might be the hot-tempered old earl, his father. And now the hour has arrived when justice SHALL be done! Seize that man, sergeant, but let his tools go free; they were misguided—nothing more.

Without waiting for an expected resistance he officer, beckoning his assistant on, sprung apon the fellow, enforcing the arrest with his istol. Fairleigh Somerville ground his teeth ogether in desperation, and he made a frantic effort to get his pistol, as his eyes flashed fire at the man Launce, but he could not shake off the strong grasp of that brawny policeman! nay, all his boasted wealth could not now purhase his freedom.

Again Tom Worth turned toward the silent, almost speechless group huddled in the further corner of the room. His tall, muscular form was now shaking with excitement. Addressing

Mr. Harley, he said, in a low, deep voice: "I am Tom Worth, once poor and despised once spurned and contemned by you! as Tom Worth, I now, sir, present to you this paper—a valuable one! I secured it at the pistol's mouth—working in the cause of right from the villain there, who so infamously defrauded you. That paper gives back to you, sir, your entire property. Take it as a gift from Tom Worth, the miner."

Old Richard Harley took the paper from the roung man's hands, glanced over it, and utterng a wild, joyful cry, staggered back against

the table. "And, my friends," and his voice was lower than ever, more subdued, and tremulous, 'though you all know me as Tom Worth, do you recognize me now?" and in an instant he east off his dingy miner's suit, hurled aside the yellow beard, and stood there in splendid aray, elegant and stately, as the aristocratic,

white-bearded Felix Morton, Esq. But, waiting not for the amazement of all to subside, he continued, hurriedly and ex-

"But this, too, is a disguise! See me now. my friends, in my proper person, and this paper, Mr. Harley, will tell you my name."

He stripped the white whiskers from his face, and a stranger, indeed, stood there—a tall, exceedingly handsome man, far this side the prime of life—a long, sweeping, auburn mus-

tache falling over his mouther Old Richard Harley, trembling in every imb, gasping for breath, took the paper in his nervous hands and glanced over it.

My God! CLARENCE, EARL OF ROY!" And, as Fairleigh Somerville, the prisoner, who had been a dreaming, almost idiotic spectator to this scene, was led out by the policeman, old Ben, the miner, strode to the side of the newly-discovered nobleman, and quietly, reverentially, taking the outstretched hand,

said, in a low voice: Ay! my Lord of Roy, but—my boy still!" And then, with a cry of a well-won triumph ipon his lips, he whom we have known as Tom Worth sprung forward and clasped to his broad chest the fainting form of Grace Harley,

And over the two the poor old father spread his trembling hands in a meaningless blessing.

RETRIBUTION. WE will not lift the curtain on that last scene—that scene so solemn, so grand, at that hour so holy and hushed, when Clarence of Roy and Grace Harley stood in mute embrace united after many days! On this scene we

ring the curtain down.

CHAPTER XXXII.

We will briefly follow the fortunes of others whom we have introduced to the reader. have seen how patience, long suffering and love have been rewarded; it were a strange tale not a natural one, truly—which did not have in its course the recital of merited punishment

The policemen and their prisoner had reached the Suspension bridge without any incident; but, as soon as they set foot on the abutment, Somerville, who had been very quiet, suddenly halted, and by a mighty effort, burst from the

officer who held him.

Turning at once, he leaped into the street

below, and sped away like lightning. So completely were the officers taken by sur-prise, that the success of the movement was ssured. They fired their pistols, but the bullets whistled harmlessly away. A vigorous pursuit was kept up, though the fugitive was never again in sight, Late that night—about eleven o'clock—a

dark form suddenly appeared in front of the old house on Boyd's Hill. It was that of a tall, slender man. He approached the door with staggering, reeling steps, and opened it.
"Thank God!" he exclaimed, in a husky voice, as he entered and struck a light. "Safe

—safe! for a time, at least. Now, one more look at my secret, and then I'll be gone." As he spoke he mounted a chair by the wall, wherein was concealed the secret panel. He touched the spring—the section gave way, and then the terrible grinning skeleton, in all its

ghastliness, came in view. The hardened wretch gazed mutely on; then of a sudden, a vague trembling seized his

limbs. Fairleigh Somerville had undergone much that night. "It was thus my crime began!" he mutter-

ed, in a hoarse voice. "Ha!" he exclaimed; and he turned suddenly, as the wind, blowing rudely over the hill, flung the door open. Unlucky movement! As he turned, his foot slipped on the chair. He tottered, and, in endeavoring to recover his balance, fell backward

into the yawning cavity. The sliding panel, jarred into action by the fall, started to its place with the celerity of lightning. A ringing snap and the solid sec-tion had walled him in forever!

CONCLUSION. WE have but little more to add. Clarence and Grace were at last married. They cared not to linger longer amid the scenes where their troubles had been so multiplied,

and the young bride eagerly consented to fol-low her noble husband to his grand old castle of Roy, beyond the seas. Old Richard Harley, too-now contented and happy, was anxious to go likewise. So he at once sold his fine As his title to it was unassailable, he had no difficulty in effecting a sale. The very night following that of the marriage, the young nobleman and his loving, trust-

ing wife, with her father, left Pittsburgh forever. They went to New York. Old Ben, the miner, glad of the opportunity of getting back to his native England, bade adieu to the "Black Diamond" and his little cabin, and ac-companied the party in the employment of Clarence. In one week they sailed for Liver-The tale of Clarence of Roy is briefly told:

He was the younger son of a noble family, away in the north-western part of England He was his father's favorite; but by his elder brother and stepmother he was hated. These two conspired against him, and managed to "I bore all, however," continued the young | bring about a fierce quarrel between him and

result was that the young man was forbidden the ancestral castle of Roy, and set adrift in the world, without a shilling in his pocket.

He was a proud fellow, and he had gone broad, working his way—had served in her najesty's Indian army—had lived in Calcutta, afterward in Hong Kong, and at last had found nis way to the grand asylum for the persecuted -America. Then he had come to Pittsburgh. Long before he was known as Tom Worth, he and Grace Harley had met under peculiar circumstances—and met to love. But on that period—a dark one to the lovers—it is not our purpose to dwell.

The letter from abroad brought the young man in prison—as the reader will remember by old Ben, was from the solicitor of the estate of Roy, telling the exiled Clarence of the death of his father—and of the consequent strife between the elder brother and the stepmother. The letter stated that the strife had culminated in a division. Then the elder brother had been suddenly killed in a fox-chase; and then, on certain papers being found, the law had dispossessed the stepmother of all the estates, save a small property as dowry. Hence, the letter went on to say, Clarence—or Tom Worth as we best know him—was sole heir to the large property, and, of course, successor to

The solictor had always been a friend of the disinherited son, and was in correspondence with him in his misfortunes whithersoever his

wanderings led him. The young man, as we have seen, heeded the summons, despite surrounding circumstances. On reaching England, he found a great deal of law matter to be attended to, which, before it was finally settled, consumed over two years' time. This all arranged, however, to his satisfaction, he, bent on claiming his long-ago conquest, hastened across the water again as Felix Morton, Esq.—a gentleman of means—to seek out his first and only love.

Ten years have elapsed since the day Clarence and Grace sailed away from New York; and to-day the young nobleman—yes, he is still oung-with his sweet wife and prattling children, is happy in his ancient castle of Roy. Several years since old Richard Harley died at a ripe old age in the castle, blessing those he

left. Our friend Ben Walford to this day is the rusted steward of the old stronghold, and performs his duties to the satisfaction of all.

Hanging on the wall, in the library of the astle, is a small, richly-gilded frame. It contains simply a half-sheet of note paper, written closely over. A portion of it reads strangely thus:

"—And the said Fairleigh Somerville hath remised, released and quit-claimed, and by these presents doth remise, release and quit-claim, unto the said Richard Harley, his heirs and assigns forever, all that property known as the Harley Mansion, on Stockton avenue, in the Alleghany City, State of Pennsylvania."

To this sheet of paper appear as witnesses, two names, viz., Tom Worth and Benjamin Only two years since, on tearing down the old house on Boyd's Hill, two grinning skeletons were found in a secret panel of the wall. They were recognized, the one by a golden chain around the rattling ribs, as—ALEC Pow-ERS, once a rival of Somerville in some love affair, and who had mysteriously disappeared years before; the other—by a flashing diamond on the skeleton finger, as—FAIRLEIGH SOMER-

VILLE. We must not forget to state that Launce and Teddy were amply provided for by Clarence of Roy, before he left Pittsburgh, and that these poor fellows, ever afterward, lived honest, exemplary lives.

Reader, our tale is told, and we have reached the point where we must separate, namely: THE END.

A new story by Dr. Wm. Mason Turner will oon be given in our columns. It is a tale of Philadelphia life-alive with dramatic incident and the terest of character which the author

From the Toledo Blade.

SPECIALTIES IN MEDICINE.

We publish on our eighth page a lengthy article describing the system of the noted specialist, Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., in which he sets forth with considerable force and clearness his reasons for devoting his whole time and attention to a single department of medicine—the treatment of lingering chronic diseases. The same article also takes up the subjects of diagnosis, methods of consultation and treatment, etc., and will be found to contain many valuable hints to the invalid. Dr. Pierce is the author of a work which has already attained a large circulation—"The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser"—containing some nine hundred numerously-illustrated pages, and devoted to medicine in all its branches, a work well calculated for the guidance and instruction of the people at large, and which may be had for \$1.50 (post-paid) by addressing the author. Dr. Pierce has now been before the general public long enough to enable the formation of a careful estimate of the efficiency of his treatment and his medicines, and the verdict, we are glad to know, has been universally favorable to both. SPECIALTIES IN MEDICINE.

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And Nettie—no, I am not one To be caught by a Net; And fairy, fond Elizabeth Might prove a losing Bet.

And Barbara might be Barbarous, Which I would greatly dread; And black-eyed Hat might turn to be Quite heavy on my head.

Fair Flora she might Flora man—A treatment rather rude;
And if for little Sue I'd Sue
I might be badly Sued.

Bright Sarah might a Saraph prove, But I would doubt it some; And Minnie, who's a medium girl, Might be a Minnie-mum.

And Mary she has always said She would not Mary me; With Ida, oh, if Ida show How happy I would be!

Upon my brow fair Adeline Might Adeline of care; And pretty Amy may not be As Amy-able as fair.

To Clara I'd de-Clara my faith If she would tender prove; But if I'd plead to Nora's heart She might ig-Nora love. If I'd ask Kate if she'd love me She might prevari-Kate, And hope would throw me in despair, And bid me always wait.

I'd write to Cora if I thought She'd like to Cora-spond; And Ann—I don't Ann-ticipate— Her heart is far beyond.

To Phebe I might give my heart, But oh, what might the Phebe? She might a queen of Sheba prove Her husband what would Hebe?

Viola might be Viola-nt, And make my life distrest; But Celia, could I Celia mine I'd give up all the rest.

Bertha's Mercy.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

MRS. St. Symington's magnificent drawing room flooded with light from the glittering chandeliers; furniture of soft, mossy plush, the color of the heart of a May-rose; soft sounds of a fountain splashing in the conservatory, and sweet, delicious perfume exhaling from aisles of rare exotics and tropical pine

That was the scene that wild January night, when the storm beat without, and cold and misery and want stalked, a grim triumvirate when little Bertha Agincourt nestled further down among the plumy cushions of the easy chair she had found wheeled in front of the cheery open fire burning so redly behind the polished silver bars.

A grave-faced girl, shy, blushing and modest, with womanly eyes of tender blue, that mirrored her pure, sweet thoughts as faithfully as a lakelet does a flashing sunlight. A quiet, lonely little creature, only sixteen, who had come from a dear, happy home among New England hills to take up the burden of life with brave hands, though weak and all unused to the warfare; with stout heart, for all there were times when it overflowed through the sweet, frank eyes.

She had only been a week at the St. Symingtons—only a week away from her widowed mother and the plain little home that was insufficient to give her a living longer; only a week, and yet long enough to learn the luxury of plenty and elegance; not long enough to know how miserably inferior she was held to be, with her sweet, gentle ways, the result of innate nobleness, to the large, florid, fashionable daughter of the house of St. Symington —Juanita St. Symington, with her coal-black hair streaming down over her bright silk dress, and her jewels glittering with almost barbaric splendor as she sailed into the drawing-room at storming January night, followed by the portly, less intrusive parent.

Miss Juanita's shimmering trail was sweep ing over the Moquet carpet, and ceased its sant rustle suddenly as she saw Bertha nestling, all unobservingly, in the sacred pre-

cincts of the pink plush chair.

"Mamma! did you ever? The idea of her coming in here! Tell her at once what she is to do, will you?"

Mrs. St. Symington shrugged her shoulders just a little deprecatingly.

"Really, I haven't the heart to, Juanita.

can't see what harm there is, if the child Juanita shot her mother a glance from her

black eyes.

"Nonsense, mamma! if you can't see the harm, l can! If you won't tell her to leave, I Like a hawk about to pounce on a dovecote

Juanita sailed across the room, and looked down at the pretty, bowed head of the girl, as Bertha sat leaning on her elbow, looking into the mass of flame. "Miss Agincourt, you seem to be in ignor ance of the fact that this apartment is not in-

tended for the servants. Be so good as to retire to the school-room, your proper place, where it is understood you will pass your evenings in the future. Oh! Dr. Redmond, good-evening! how delighted we are to see you!" And Juanita turned coldly away from the

mortified girl to greet the handsome gentleman who had been admitted a moment before. He bowed and took Juanita's extended hand and then looked interestedly at the sweet, shame-flushed face of the girl who had arisen

hastily from the easy-chair.
"You comprehend, Miss Agincourt?" Juanita's imperious voice partly arrested the flying footstep, and a confused, unintelligible answer came in a low, hurried tone as Bertha

disappeared. "Such impudence! the next thing I presum cook and mamma's waiting-maid will be coming in when they're tired! Dr. Redmond, have

you heard 'The Milkmaid's Marriage Song?" And while the graceful fingers went flashing over the keys of the piano, and the clear, strong voice rose in the witching chorus of the ballad, and Guy Redmond listened gravely, little Bertha was crouching on the floor in her own dull cold room, crying as if her little heart would

"I'll never stay here, never! I'll be a nur sery-maid, or a kitchen girl before I'll stay here and be insulted by Juanita St. Symington-insulted because I went into the drawing-If I am not good enough to sit in there am I fit to teach little Waldbery his letters?" Poor, innocent, ignorant child! she had yet

"A young lady, Rose?" Guy Redmond looked up from a ponderous volume of medical lore he was studying-his grave, thoughtful face showing its strength and beauty as the full glare of the light fell on it.

to learn that this was a very queer world.

"A young lady, sure, Mr. Guy. Leastways a lady, anyhow, young or old. She's all so bundled up you can't scarcely see her."

Dr. Redmond arose as the colored servant disappeared, and went into his office, where a sweet, low voice addressed him as he closed the door.

"You are Dr. Redmond?"

He bowed and took his customary seat.

I am troubled about my throat, Dr. Redmond, and as my living depends upon my voice, I am more than anxious to know if I

am seriously threatened."

He listened, as if half familiar with her tone, her face, then the momentary personal interest merged into customary professional solicitude.

"You are a singer, then? Tell me the

symptoms, please."

"Oh, no, I can not sing, but I use my voice almost as much as if I were. I am a teacher—I used to be nursery governess in Mrs. St. Symington's family, and I came to you because once I saw you there."

A sydden remembrance rushed over him:

A sudden remembrance rushed over him now he knew the cause of that sad, momentary, half recognition. And this was the pretty, startled little girl, whose blue eyes and sweet drooping mouth had haunted him for months after he had seen and pitied her in her confusion, that January night a year agone,

Involuntarily, Dr. Redmond smiled. "I remember-Miss Agincourt. And now you are teaching?"

She smiled in answer to his courteous, friendly way. "Teaching—and very hoarse at times, with a continuous aching sensation in my throat,

and a tendency to cough." Her accurate description of symptoms at once turned the current of conversation; and when, twenty minutes later, Bertha Agin-court left the office with a tiny package of powders in her muff, it was with a new, strange

light shining in her eyes.
"How good he is! he seems like a friend! have always known!"

While Guy Redmond's brown eyes watched the slight, graceful figure past the window. "Poor child! in six months she will not speak above a whisper for all future time! I wonder what she will do?"

Gradually the acquaintance, at first purely professional, ripened into personal friendship; then, into warmer interest, until, on the day when Bertha heard her fate from Dr. Red-mond's kind, pitiful lips, they had grown to be very near to each other.

"This huskiness permanent! never speak again! oh, Dr. Redmond, don't tell me that!" She wailed forth her complaint so piteously as she listened, with blanching cheeks and quivering lips. "You know I have done all that lies in

numan power to do, Bertha. You know it hurts me to see you take it so to heart, child, and yet I am not sorry."

He was looking eagerly at her.

"Not sorry! not sorry that I am worse than useless until I can learn another way of earning my bread! Oh, Dr. Redmond, I thought—I thought—" He had both her rebellious hands in his

ow, and was half-smiling in her tearful face. "You thought what, Bertha? I know you never have thought what I have—what I am thinking now—what a darling little wife you are going to be for me! You will be, won't

His wooing was quiet, but so intense that its very solemnity startled her. His wife she-his wife! The rapturous tears welled to her eyes

"Oh, Dr. Redmond!"

"Never but Guy in the future, Bertha! Kiss me, darling, and tell me you do not regret giving up your school to teach me how to be a better man! Little Bertha, I will make you very happy if I may! May I?"

And her breath almost hushed with ecstasy the lonely, brave little girl accepted. The heaven of happiness she had and dreamed of she had never dared think would be her own!

"You will go down to dinner, then, to-day, dear? If you knew how much better you were looking, and how Bertie and Ora are amoring for you."

Dr. Redmond caressed the delicate cheek of his wife as she leaned against the lined cushions of the easy chair—pretty, fair as five years ago, when she had married him. She smiled as if in indulgence of his proud

tenderness. "I wonder whether the children or papa is most anxious I should go down? Confess, now, Guy, you begin to be jealous of this little

stranger's monopoly of my time."

She touched the pink palm of a wee baby lying cradled in a low-canopied crib at her side, and spoke in a low, hushed whisper, that had grown to be very sweet and melodious to her susband's ears—that other people thought a dreadful affliction, while they wondered how vell Mrs. Redmond bore it.

The doctor leaned over and kissed his boy, hen the mother.

"I do not think even young Guy Agincourt could make me jealous, dear, but I do want you down stairs to-day. Among other reasons, it is time you made the acquaintance of the children's nursery-maid, who came the day baby did. I haven't seen her once, and I am sure if it had not been for cousin Annie's attention, Mrs. Greyson-that's her name-would have been miserably lonesome.'

"Annie is always good, and I'll go down, dear, if you think it best, and make the poor woman comfortable, although I really think you ought to have seen her.'

Doctor Redmond shrugged his bread, fine shoulders.

"If you knew how busy I've been, and how niserably hidden the lady keeps herself, you'd not think so. Then, Bertha, we'll see you at two—the smart, pretty house-mother as usual."

It was one, when Mrs. Redmond went down stairs, the very idol of a dainty, high-bred lady, in her elegant invalid costume, and surrounded on every side by all the luxuries money or taste could provide.

Bertie and Ora, her little daughters, came flying to meet her as she entered the nursery, on a visit preparatory to dinner.

A tall, plainly-dressed woman arose to check their exuberant delight. 'Children, don't-good heavens! are you

Mrs. Redmond?" Bertha smiled and bowed. "I am Mrs. Redmond, Mrs. Greyson. If you know me you have the advantage, although—although—'she paused, and the color flew to her pale cheeks-"it can not possibly be that you are Miss St. Symington?"

Yes, Juanita St. Symington, who drove you out of her mother's parlor because you were nobody but a nursery governess! Mrs. Redmond, this—"

She almost gasped the words, in her painful uspense and bitter remembrance Bertha laid her fair, white hand on the plain sleeve of the woman

"Try to forget whatever happened unpleasant. Remember that this is truly your home, Mrs. Greyson, where you will be received and treated as an equal, by myself, husband and guests. And now, are you ready for dinner? the bell will ring very soon."

So, like coals of fire, was Bertha's mercy— her sweet, tender womanliness, on Juanita St. Symington's head; while among the bitterest drop in Mrs. Greyson's cup is the belief that by her own hand she made all the happiness of Mrs. Redmond's life—a happiness she had often hoped for, for herself, but that, with many other good things, had been denied her, since the day when Fate took Fortune in hand and banished her from the home where Bertha Agincourt's destiny began to shape its course.

A TRYST.

BY L. C. GREENWOOD.

Sweet bells are ringing
Softly on the evening air;
Sweet voices singing,
Breathe their evening prayer.
But I stand all lonely,
For thou art not with me now,
Sighing for thee only—
Keeping, still, my vow.

Moonlight so tender
Falls on yonder lofty hill,
And in its splendor
Mingles with the rill.
To me this lovely scene
Is forever without charms,
While distance lies between
Thee and outstretched arms.

Keep me not waiting,
Lingering here all lonely then;
Why art belating?
Wit thou come again?
All hushed in the bower
Is the song of weary bird,
Closed is every flower
By the breezes stirred.

Mine eyes are weary
Of their watch for thee to-night,
And all seems dreary
With thee not in sight.
Turning to thee only,
Oh, that thou couldst but be here,
For I am so lonely
When from thee so dear.

Romance on the Rail.

How Cap. Lollard Popped the Question.

BY GUY GLYNDON.

IT was at Jim Larnigan's wedding; and the occasion suggested the story. Jim had "set em up handsome for the boys;" and the generous wine had warmed Cap's blood until he felt hat every man was a brother; or he might have been more reserved about this episode in his checkered life. For Cap seldom spoke of his wife to the boys; and when he did it was with a deferential air unusual in one of his

There was a legend current that a "green hand" on the road had once hailed him with: "Well, Cap, how's the old woman and the

babies?" The story ran that, without deigning an an in words, Cap struck straight from the shoulder, and his would-be friend "went to grass with a shanty over his eye" for his undue amiliarity. The chivalrous spirit of the act appealed to those rude natures more forcibly han a volume of sermons could have done and all along the line Cap Lollard's wife was invested with a sort of halo of romance.

"Wal, gentlemen," began Cap, in response to the solicitations of the crowd, "if nothin" else 'll do ye, I suppose you must have yer way;

o hyer goes.
"In the summer of '65 I was haulin' a construction train, though I was put on to a passenger that fall. There wa'n't much business on the road; an' we was ordered to ballast up a ong stretch o' track, dodgin' out o' the grand pit an' back ag'in between the reg'lar trains.

"All along the road thar was some mighty fine farm-houses; an' one struck my eye in par-tic'lar. It was the reg'lar old style—low an' spreadin' out over the ground so's to be comortable an' roomy. A lot o' clamberin' vines an' half a dozen wide-spreadin' oaks made it a mighty cool-lookin' place on a hot summer af-ternoon; and an old-fashioned well-sweep to one ide made you think that water was a pretty choice article after all.

"Wal, hoss, you bet it was mighty slow work ettin' on the box in the sun, with that house in sight, while the Micks was unloadin' the flats: an' it didn't take me long to make up my mind that I was powerful thirsty when we got jest opposite that partic'lar place. So down I jumps. eavin' the fireman in charge, an' makes fur the nouse, all legs an' no ceremony

"I was jest fetchin' up at the well, when I turned, an'-Jerusha Jane!-thar in the door way stood about the trimmest bit of female flesh an' blood that I ever sot eyes on-you hear me! Lord love ye! I allow thar couldn't no two-legged man critter look at her without its his mouth water!

"Fellers, I felt jest like a schoolboy caught in a melon patch! My breeches was in my boots; I had only one gallus—no vest— —no collar, and an old felt hat with three-quarters of the rim torn away, leavin' the rest stickin' out like the visor of a cap. An' thar she stood, a-lookin' at me an' larfin' a little, I thought, because I was so all struck in a heap! I had waltzed up thar as brash as a sky terrier but one blink o' her roguish eve, an' you could a' knocked me clean out o' time with a fea-

"''Hem! Kin I git a drink, ma'am, if you olease? says I, kind o' stammerin'. "'Yes, sir,' says she, as chipper as a bird.
Jest wait, an' I'll bring you a dipper.'

"She skipped into the house and out ag'in before you could toss up fur the beer, bringin a dipper that you could 'a' shaved by a deuced sight better than ary three-cornered piece of lookin'-glass.

"'It's hot work ridin' on a locomotive this weather, ain't it? says she, droppin' her eyes, modest-like; but I knowed she'd took me in from top to toe, one gallus an' all. "'It's all-fired hot,' says I: an' fur the first

time in my life I lost my tongue flat!-fact! dummer'n a wooden man with his mouth shut! "But I didn't lose my eyes, hoss, you bet! Lord love ye! she looked like as if she'd jest stepped out of a fairy book, with her sleeves rolled up almost to the shoulder, an' apronstrings circlin' a waist that Queen Victori' herself couldn't 'a' matched. As trim as a pin, an' as neat as wax!—fellers, I felt as if I'd jest drop down on my marrow-bones in the grass

an' worship her!
"But all the time I knowed she must be a thinkin' that I looked like a slouch; an' that made me sweat, you bet! So I says, says I:

Thankee, ma'am!' "An' givin' her back the dipper, I jest humped myself fur that engine, cussin' my luck at every breath.

"Wal, you bet yerself, the next day I was tricked out like a drill sargent!—boots shiny—black pants, with a roll at the bottom, so's to

that cut didn't take her eye, then I'd throw up

my hand!

"She come to the door, but whirled round like a flash, makin' an excuse o' goin' after the dipper again. But I seen the corner of her mouth go up, an' knowed she was a larfin' at my sudden blow-out. She was a cute one, an' knowed a thing or two. I could see that plain

"But with my store clo's on I kin face any thing that wears calico; an' I done myself proud that time, I know. Before I come away, I had a bouncin' bowl o' milk. It was a mighty thin drink; but I'd 'a' swilled dishwater if she'd

ly, while I lay in the grass under the trees an'

"After that my fireman run the train most

heard her singin' about her work, once in a while comin' to the door to give me a pleasant word. Of course I'd 'a' got the grand bounce if the thing had got to head-quarters; but my fireman liked to learn, an' as long as he didn't find no fault at his double work it wa'n't no one else's funeral. So the thing lasted two weeks—such a soft job couldn't run long—an' then the bottom fell out.

"But Mary an' me had come to be right smart friends by that time; an' when I was put on the passenger I blowed a signal jest before I come to the house, an' she'd stand in the door an' swing her sun-bonnet at me as we passed.

"Of course you all know that most o' the Western roads was built on a bogus plan. The farmers along the proposed line was persuaded to give mortgages on their farms, to be used as collateral to borrow money on, the railroad companies guaranteein' to pay the interest on the mortgages and pay the farmers handsome dividends on the stock they took in exchange for the mortgages, so's it 'u'd be all in pocket with them, an' never cost 'em a cent. All went lovely till the mortgages fell due. Then the companies bu'sted; the stock wa'n't worth a cuss; an' the farmers had to clear off their mortgages themselves, or git kicked out o' house an' home. 'Twa'n't more'n human natur' that they should rile at that; an' fur awhile they pulled up tracks an' dumped trains into the

ditch kinder promiscuous, you bet!
"Wal, as the fall passed, the evenin's got shorter, until I didn't git to Mary's house until after dark. Then she used to stand in the open doorway, with the light behind her, or,

when it stormed, at a winder.
"One night I pulled out dead ag'in' a tearin north-wester. It was blacker'n the inside of a stone ink-bottle out; an' the rain lashed ag'in' the cab winder so's I couldn't see through the

glass, anyway.
"Just by Mary's house there was quite a
down-grade, an' at the end o' that grade a curve round the face of a bluff, with a thirty-foot fall on the outside of it—a mighty nasty place to git ketched, ole hoss, or I'm a liar! I thought about it before I got thar; but I says to myself,

says I

"'A man that's born to be hung 'll never git drowned! So I pushed ahead, as usual 'Just before comin' to the Lockworth farm I blowed my signal an' stepped back out o' the cab, to see the light in the winder. The trees was jest more'n lashin' an' tossin', as I could see by the flashes o' lightnin'; but thar wa'n't no

"I was a-goin' to step back into the cab, mighty disappointed, considerin' it was such a leetle thing, when crash come something through the cab winder. By a flash of lightnin' I caught a glimpse of a woman standin' beside the track, bareheaded, an' with her hair an' clo's blowin' wild, an' heard a shrill voice

"'Cap! Cap! Cap!"
"A glance showed me the frame of a lanern rollin' on the cab floor. That was enough.

I knowed it meant danger. "To whistle fur brakes like mad-to reverse the lever—to throw the throttle wide—to sand the track—didn't take no time at all. An' then I swung out on the step an' looked ahead, while my fireman was strainin' the tender-brake to the last notch.

"It seemed an age before she begun to slack up; an' when she come to a standstill the nose the pilot was within ten feet of as devilish a device as you ever seen. Half-way round the curve, an' in the very worst place, a crossece was spiked to the track, an' on this was an incline, p'intin' our way, fur the pilot to run

"I reckon thar was some white faces, when the passengers piled out o' the car an' seen that they had come within ten feet o' kingdomcome! Some one asked me how I found it out in time to stop her. I didn't answer him nary word; but, jumpin' on that engine again, left the boys to remove the obstruction while backed that train to the Lockworth farm.

"I found her beside the track, jest whar she stood when we passed her, the wind a-blowin so's she could hardly keep her feet, an' the rain When I jumped down, a-blindin' of her almost, she nabbed me by both arms, an' screamed, ysterical-like:

"Oh, Cap! Oh, Cap!" "Then everything seemed to give way; an'

he was as limp as an empty sack. "She had overheard a farmer, what had seen his family sot out o' doors, threaten to dump a train fur the railroad swindlers, an' watchin' because that was my run, boys!—had discover ed the plan to pile my train over the bank. Knowin' that I wouldn't be likely to see her signal, an' rememberin' some stories I'd told her, she stood close to the track an' throwed a lantern through the cab winder.

'But now it was all over she wilted, an' I

had her on my hands. "I reckon, fellers, thar was a queer, all-ov-

erish feelin' about me, and a mighty big lump in my throat. All drippin' wet as she was, took her up in my arms an' straddled it off toward the house An' thinkin'-mighty solemn I kin tell ye!-as how she'd saved my life (not to mention the hull train) an' what a dainty leetle thing she was to be out there alone in th rain and wind, waitin' fur me to come along, l fell to kissing of her wet cheeks an' lips an' hair, all the way up to the house; an' she let me, clinging to my neck, an' sobbin', an' sayin', now and then:

"'Oh, Cap! Oh, Cap!'
"An' that, gents, is the how yer humble servant popped the question."

Base-Ball.

BY HENRY CHADWICK

THE PROFESSIONAL ARENA. SUSPICIOUS PLAY. It is now beginning to be evident that the

West will have the best of it in the campaign The interest taken in the contests of the Stock Company clubs each season has hitherto centered on the struggle for the honor of heroine the subject of their songs, and she is bearing off the whip-pennant. This year, how- now the most famous personage in the district show the stiff'nin'—b'iled shirt, with a ruffled ever, the new issue of West vs. East has mo- of Beder

front—red butterfly—an' a crush hat that seven dollars and ninety-nine cents wouldn't buy! If and the fight for the pennant has become of secondary importance, especially since it has been een that the Chicago nine is very likely to win it as easily this year as the Bostons did last season, they evidently being regarded as having the strongest team, since it has been shown that the St. Louis nine is not altogether reliable. And in regard to this latter point we have a few words to say in view of the occurrences of the past week or two.

On May 27th the St. Louis nine lost a game

to the Mutuals through the palpable misplays of McGeary, of the St. Louis team, his play ooking so very "crooked" that Cuthbert refused to play his position after the second in-nings, Pearce taking his place in the field. A telegram was sent to St. Louis by Manager Graften, notifying the St. Louis Club Directors that he had suspended McGeary because of his suspected foul play. Mr. C. O. Bishop at once came to Philadelphia, investigated the matter, and of course could find no other evidence than that shown by the analysis of play, and this being merely circumstantial, he was reinstated. Mr. Bishop then offered a reward of \$250 to any one showing that McGeary was interested in any illegitimate way in the loss of the game. Now the great difficulty attendant upon the discovery of proof of "crooked" play lies in the fact that the fellows who are "in" with the crooked player make more by remaining silent than they do by "peaching" on their "pal," and hence none of them can be bribed to "give him away." It would be well worth while for the League Association itself to offer a reward of \$2,500 instead of \$250 for the discovery of such proof of fraud as would be necessary to drive the "crooked" player from the League field. It is all a question of money. The man who would join with a player to sell a game is ne no better than a common sneak-thief, and such a fellow only needs a greater amount of-fered to induce him to sell his "friend" than that he receives for assisting him, to let the cat out of the bag. It would be well worth \$5,000 to convict one of these knaves, and the League clubs should look at it in this light. Let us suppose a case of this kind by way of illustra-tion. Here are two clubs playing a match, at Brooklyn, we'll say. On one the betting is at 2 to 1 that they win. Now what is easier than to get in with pool-buyers at Boston, Hartford and Philadelphia, and arrange to take the odds to the amount of a thousand dollars in each city, and then "fix things" so as to lose the game? By such a maneuver six thousand dolars is cleared at a dash, and if half has to be shared the "crooked" man is still three thou-sand in, more than his whole season's salary. Now how is the little game to be discovered so as to obtain clear proof of guilt, except an inducement can be offered his "pard" in the business to "give him away"? Here is where a reward of \$2,500 would come in with effect, where \$250 would be laughed at.

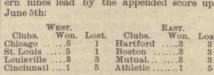
The great curse of the game at present lies in the temptation offered to players through the pool boxes connected with base-ball. Especially is this great where players have anything like a capital to invest. In this connec tion it will be seen that it is well worth a player's attention who has money at command get into a nine at a merely nominal salary, for by working just such a little game as we have pointed out only twice in a season he can clear rom four to six thousand dollars.

It would pay the League Association to create a special fund from which to offer a standng reward of three to five thousand dollars for the discovery of evidence of guilt on selling a game on the part of any of their club play-To offer small rewards is useless, as we have shown.

THE LEAGUE PENNANT CONTEST The record of the League clubs in their contests for the pennant, up to June 5th, is as follows. We give the names of the clubs in the order of won games.

NAME AND ADDRESS OF THE OWNER, WHEN PERSON ADDRESS OF THE OWNER, WHEN PERSON AND ADDRESS OF THE OWNER, WHEN			-	_						
Clubs.	Chicago	Hartford	St. Louis	Boston	Louisville	Mutual	Athletic	Cincinnati	Games won.	G's drawn
Chicago	_	2	2	3	4	0	0	4	15	0
Hartford	1		0	4	0	2	3	2	12	0
St. Louis	2	0	_	0	3	2	3	2	12	0
Boston	0	0	0	_	0	3	3	3	9	0
Louisville	0	0	1	0	-	1	2	3	7	1
Mutual	0	1	1	1	2	-	1	0	6	0
Athletic	0		0	1	1	3	_	0	5	1
Cincinnati	0	1	2	0	1	0	0	-	4	0
G	-		-	-	-		-	-	-	-
Games lost	1 3	4	. 0	9	11	11	12	14	70	2

In the issue West vs. East, the four Western nines lead by the appended score up to



14 10 The total games won by the four clubs of

On June 20th all the Eastern nines "go West" to play until July 15th, the club playing simultaneously in Chicago, St. Louis, Louisville and Cincinnati every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, from June 20th to July 15th inclusive. They begin play as follows, on June 20th: Mutual vs. Chicago, at Chicago; Athletics vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis; Hartford vs. Louisville, at Louisville, and Boston vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati. By the end of this Western tour of the Eastern nines it will be pretty well ascertained which club will own the pennant. We "calculate" that Chicago will be first, St. Louis second, and Hartford or Boston third in the race by July 16th.

THE BEAUTIFUL AMAZON.—A romantic story is told by the foreign journals of an Arab girl who has been the leader in their combats with the Turks. The girl was the daughter of a chief and married to a warrior of her tribe who was murdered by the Turks. The young widow made a vow to avenge his death upon the soldiers of the padishah. The emir, touched by the prayers and tears of his child, called upon the tribe, the whole of the Bedouin horsemen of the Beni Kawas rising in consequence against the domination of the padishah. The daughter of the emir, armed like the men, and carrying their banner like Joan of Arc, was always fore most in their attacks upon the enemy, closely followed by her father, the emir, her brothers and the remainder of the horsemen. The Turkish government has set a price on her head, in order to capture her and stop the slaughter of the soldiers. The Arabian poets have made the